The Bystander. No. 50. Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1904

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# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 50.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, November 16, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo by* *Foulsham and Banfield*

**Miss Isabel Jay (Mrs. H. S. Cavendish), the charming prima donna of "The Cingalee"**

Miss Jay has made friends with "Mac," a well-known studio cat, who has often been photographed with celebrities

No. 50.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### NOVELS

"A Daughter of Jael." By Lady Ridley. (Longmans: 6s.)
"Hope Loring." By Lilian Bell. (Isbister: 6s.)
"Baccarat." By Frank Danby. (Heinemann: 6s.)
"Miss Brent, of Mead." By Christabel R. Coleridge. (Isbister: 6s.)
"In Regions of Perpetual Snow." By Gordon Stables. (Ward, Lock: 5s.)
"The Isles of Sunset." By Arthur C. Benson. (Isbister: 6s.)
"The Specialist." By A. M. Irwin. (Lane: 6s.)
"Uncle Tom's Cabin." By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New edition, with coloured illustrations. (A. and C. Black: 6s.)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Hurrell Froude." By Louise Imogen Guiney. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
"Life of Father Ignatius." By Baroness de Bertouche. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
"Fifty Years of Public Service." By Major Arthur Griffiths. (Cassell: 18s.)
"Birds by Land and Sea." By J. M. Borasten. (Lane: 10s. 6d. net.)
"Inner Jerusalem." By A. Goodrich Freer. (Constable: 12s. 6d. net.)
"Japan, the Eastern Wonderland." By D. C. Amyas. New Edition. (Cassell: 2s 6d.)
"The Duke of Devonshire." By Henry Leach. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
"My Devon Year." By Eden Philpotts. New Edition. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Gaspard de Coligny." By A. W. Whitehead. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
"Atoms of Empire." By Cutcliffe Hyne. Short Stories. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Borderland Tales." By Stebbing. (Longmans: 4s. 6d.)
"By a Schoolboy's Hand." By Andrew Home. (Black: 3s. 6d.)
"Curiosities." By Barry Pain. Short Stories. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)
"Baby Bunting." By Irene Payne. (Jarrold: 1s. 6d.)
"Rataplan." By Ellen Velvin. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
"The Wonderful Electric Elephant." By Frances Trego Montgomery. (Ward, Lock: 5s.)
"For Greater Britain." Poetry. By C. Whitworth Wynne. (Gay and Bird: 1s. 6d.)
"A Book of Remembrance." A well-known Lyric for each day in the year. Compiled by Elizabeth Godfrey. (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Siegfried." By S. Baring-Gould. (Dean and Son, Ltd.: 6s.)

## *THIS WEEK'S MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS*

**Wednesday, November 16**
St. James's Hall. Leon Delafosse's Piano Recital, at 3.
Bechstein Hall. Miss Eyre's Piano Recital, at 8.30.

**Thursday, November 17**
Queen's Hall. London Symphony Orchestra Concert, at 3.
Albert Hall. Patti Concert, at 3.

**Friday, November 18**
St. Anne's Church, Soho. Bach's Christmas Oratorio, at 8.

**Saturday, November 19**
Queen's Hall. Grand Orchestral Concert, F. von Reuter, at 3.
Bechstein Hall. Signor Busoni's Piano Recital, at 3.30.

**Monday, November 21**
Æolian Hall. Nora Clench Quartet Concert, at 8.30.

**Tuesday, November 22**
Broadwood's. Chamber Music Concert, at 4.


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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

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Then Mr. Pearson may find he made a very bad bargain in forgetting that other people may appear as actors on the scene. We have not forgotten that about a year ago this hustling representative of the new journalism bought up and suppressed the *Newcastle Daily Leader* in favour of a daily paper of his own This left a free field to Protectionism in the large industrial area about Newcastle-on-Tyne, but the gain was not apparent in the tremendous drubbing the Chamberlainite candidate got at Gateshead, in the only bye-election which has taken place in the district. The truth is, the public is not always to be hoodwinked, and if there is one thing it will not do, it is to absorb the opinions manufactured for a clique of papers by some newspaper "boss" of Mr. Pearson's type.

* * *

The Lord Mayor's State Coach at the Law Courts

The Lord Mayor's Show, with an extra amount of tinsel and gaudy frippery, sadly promenaded round this modern City last week. The rain came down, and even Britannia, who rules the waves, suffered among the others who participated in this hoary pageant.

The Allegorical Car: Great Britain

This car, the most magnificent and not the least wobbly in the procession, was dominated at a considerable height by a buxom but dignified representative of Britannia

THE PAGEANT OF THE YEAR: THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

### Youthful Politicians

Fresh eggs and fresh speakers made their political *début* during the course of the Horsham election. One who was suspected of making use of the ordinary election egg as a missile indignantly repudiated the suggestion. "I can assure you," he retorted, "that the eggs were new-laid." This delicate distinction, at a period of great stress and excitement, marks a welcome change from the haphazard ways adopted by political dissentients in the bad old days of bad eggs. The new-comers to the hustings were a lively trio of Oxford undergraduates, the Hon. Neil Primrose, the Hon. T. Agar-Robartes, and Mr. Harold Pearson. In the spirit of friendly rivalry, and with the picturesque rhetoric of the college debater, they paid an outstanding account with Lord Turnour by expressing at an opposition meeting their conviction of the error of his ways. All acquitted themselves with the greatest credit. They showed the unconcern of old hands at the noisy interruptions of the obstreperous heckler. Mr. Neil Primrose proved himself to be no unworthy son of his great political sire, Lord Rosebery. To one who has encountered the whole-souled methods by which the undergraduate expresses his differences of opinion, verbal objections on the part of a voter seem comparatively mild in tone.

### President Roosevelt

That weird instrument, the American political machine, has again been set in motion, and the whole country has "plumped" for Roosevelt. Following upon a wave of great commercial prosperity which has fallen during the last two Republican administrations, it was only to be expected that the chances of the Democrats would be very small. If anybody could have carried the Democratic flag to victory, Judge Parker was the man. Yet the

**The Hon. Neil Primrose**
Son of Lord Rosebery

**The Hon. T. Agar-Robartes**
Son of Viscount Clifden

TWO YOUTHFUL PLATFORM SPEAKERS IN THE HORSHAM ELECTION

Republicans themselves hardly expected such a sweeping victory as they achieved. Out of a total of 476 votes of the Electoral College, Mr. Roosevelt obtained 343, and the most wonderful thing of all is that States which have been Democratic throughout their history have this year gone over to the triumphant Republicans. How much of Mr. Roosevelt's success is due to his politics, and how much to his dominant personality, it would be hard to say. The average American, it is true, is first and last a business man, and, as such, Mr. Roosevelt's principles would, of course, carry weight with him. But apart from this, he admires a personality, and, in his own words, "If you want a galoot who's straight, out-an'-out, why Teddy's the man for your money." The broad, well-knit frame, the masterful carriage, the well-poised head, and the firm, determined look, heightened by the slightly protruding teeth, bespeak a strong, vigorous personality. "Teddy's teeth" have not only passed into a proverbial expression, they have been a campaign asset. Most people in America have by now begun to know just what their clenched appearance means, and have given their respect and their votes accordingly. That New York State should have voted for him after his recent deliverances on the negro question speaks volumes for the man who is going to do something for America, if it will only let him.

*Photos by*] **Miss Olga Nethersole** [*Reutlinger*

Who opened her season at the Shaftesbury Theatre last Saturday with *The Flute of Pan*, a new comedy by John Oliver Hobbes. The most notable of Miss Nethersole's recent appearances in London was in 1902, when she produced *Sapho* at the Adelphi Theatre

**President Roosevelt**

The election of President Roosevelt was a matter for almost as much jubilation in England as in America. Our illustration shows him in the attitude he adopts when engaged upon hammering the Trusts

**Mrs. Jane Howard Woodend**

One of New York's "400," who has gone upon the stage in order to assist her husband, who recently sustained severe financial losses

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**The latest portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough**

### The Duchess of Marlborough

The young Duchess of Marlborough is distinctly a personality, and anyone more unlike the typical, go-ahead American girl cannot well be imagined. She is tall, slim, with a gentle and sweet-toned voice, and grace may be said to be her distinguishing attribute. She is clever, cultured, and her tastes are intellectual rather than social. She also possesses excellent business qualities—an inevitable inheritance for a Vanderbilt—and every morning conscientiously devotes two hours to a study of the household accounts. The Duchess' style of dress is distinctly her own, she generally appears in white in the evening, and high collars and up-standing ruffles have become associated with her personality. She is the owner of a wonderful necklace of pearls—once the property of Marie Antoinette, of which each single jewel is worth £1,000. The Duchess will probably entertain a good deal in her new house in Curzon Street. It is panelled throughout with beautiful carved oak, and the pillars which support the ceilings in the reception rooms are of the same material. Many valuable oil paintings have been brought from Blenheim and fitted into the panels; and the gratings of the lower windows recall the houses in Fifth Avenue, New York.

### The Marquess of Ripon

The first Marquess of Ripon, in a busy and eventful life, spent in the service of the State, has been the holder of many offices. In the words of Kipling, he carries most of the letters of the alphabet after his name. To enumerate but a few of the posts he has filled: In 1873 he became Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and High Steward of Hull. He has sat in Parliament as member for Hull for 1852-53; for Huddersfield, 1853-57; for Yorkshire, W. Riding, 1857-59. Lord Ripon has been Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for India, Governor-General of India, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary for the Colonies. He has not disdained to fill lowlier posts, in which his great local influence might be useful to the town and country folk of Yorkshire. Thus he has been Mayor of Ripon, and is still honorary colonel to the West York Rifles.

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**The late Mr. H. W. Allingham**

The famous surgeon, who met a tragic death at his own hands at the Hotel du Louvre, Marseilles

### Mr. Edgar Lubbock

Though Mr. Edgar Lubbock evidently subscribes to the theory that a life of toil, unrelieved by pleasure, is apt to conduce to mental vacuity, he is quite safe from any accusation of neglecting his duties in favour of sport. The headship of one of England's greatest commercial concerns, with a little spare time thrown in as a director of the Bank of England, occupies a considerable amount of his time. Yet, when it was suggested to him last spring that, failing anything better to do, he might as well confer a good turn on the Blankney country by taking over the hounds, he found he had thirty-six, or, maybe, forty-eight, hours in the week to spare; and he consented. Lincolnshire knows him well, and has on many occasions cheered him as he rode past the post, a gallant winner of the Belvoir Point-to-Point. He is also a cricketer of no mean order—in fact, there is scarcely a branch of sport that he has not tried with success.

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**The Marquess of Ripon, in his robes as Chancellor of Leeds University**

### The Siege Baby

Though the South African War is now a thing of the past, and even almost a matter of ancient history in these rapidly moving times, yet we are frequently reminded of its horrors and tragedies. Chubby and curly-headed Patience Siege Walker, whose picture we give, was born during the siege of Ladysmith during the late war, her father and mother being unable to leave the town with the other *bouches inutiles*, where they remained with still another child during the whole siege. This unfortunate family had the misfortune to lose one of their little girls during the period, owing to the little one knocking over and so wasting the last few drops of condensed milk, which was the only nourishment that could be taken. Mr. Walker, who was an architect, and fought through both the South African campaigns, is now almost blind, and has practically lost all his work in consequence. Their home, and every stick of furniture they possessed, were destroyed by shot and shell during the siege, and they are now practically penniless. The Editor can vouch for the accuracy of this sad story, and if any of his readers feel inclined to send a donation to alleviate, at least in some degree, the hard and undeserved sufferings of these poor people, he will be deeply grateful, and will forward any such contributions to the family immediately.

*Photo by* *Hodgkinson*

**Mr. Edgar Lubbock**

New Master of the Blankney Hounds

*Photo by]* **Miss Patience Siege Walker, a young lady who was born during the siege of Ladysmith** *[Libby*

"The Siege Baby," as Miss Walker is called, is seen in the illustration sitting at a table on which are pieces of shell from the famous "Long Tom," which paid such unremitting attention to the inhabitants of Ladysmith

# "At the Sign of the Times"

**Justice and Verbosity**

Now that — as Mr. Justice Darling said in the summing up of the "Slater" case—the purity of English justice has been secured, it would be as well if something could be done towards securing its brevity. Eminent counsel on either side accused one another during that trial of "passionate eloquence"; and no doubt there had been examples of passionate eloquence being sustained for quite a lengthy period. But lawyer's condemnations of each other are apt to be what ordinary people call compliments; and when, as the other day, a single speech lasts eight and a half hours, it almost seems as if it were too long, however eloquent. Jurymen try to keep awake—we feel sure—but they are only human after all.

**What it will lead to**

Apart from the interests of justice—brevity seems essential if the high reputation of the Bar is to be preserved. For, if counsel go for record speaking, the advertisement managers of patent food companies are bound to step in, as they have done in the case of runners, Channel-swimmers, and billiard champions. . . . "I was enabled to speak for eight and a half hours solely by the aid of your Brown Meat Pills. I took two every twenty minutes.—Solicitor-General." That is the sort of thing we do *not* look forward to.

**The Moderate Head-line**

"Japanese suffering considerably from Russian shells." Here is a headline taken at random from a contemporary, which seems to show that the art of meiosis—or exaggeration by under-statement — is gaining ground in the Press. The heading suggests that the result of a Russian shell is to give one phlebitis, or at most a headache. A few years ago the same information would have been conveyed far more strongly. "Japs shattered by Russian dynamite" would have been the mildest announcement a self-respecting journalist would have permitted himself. We prefer the new style; though, of course, it may be—so to speak—underdone.

"Policeman complains of having leg broken by burglar."

"Mr. Chamberlain doubts value of Free Trade."

"Kaiser deprecates action of Social Democrats"

Such headings would certainly convey less than the truth, however restful they might be to our feelings.

"What are you drawing, Tommy?"
"Well, Auntie, it's a tiger and a very nice little girl!"
"But I don't see any little girl!"
No, she was so nice that the tiger's eaten her up!"

## Other "Times"; Other Manners

(*The* TIMES, *in a circular to its subscribers, invites suggestions as to the form and contents of the paper. These suggestions, it intimates, will be received with pleasure, and examined with the closest attention.*)

You gentlemen of England, who have bought
Whate'er we choose to tell you that you ought;
Who, swallowing our up-to-date finance,
Have paid your year's subscription in advance,
Cease to regret (until the settling day)
Instalments which you yet may have to pay;
Put back Encyclopædias on their shelves,
And tell us what you think about—Ourselves.

If you would like to see our "Ads." give place
To Illustrated Jokes, pray state your case!
If our Dramatic Critic's Greek you dread,
Please say what foreign tongue you'll have instead.
The benefit is mutual, you observe;
You give us (free of charge) without reserv
Your own ideas. This saves your brain stagnation—
And gives a fillip to *our* Circulation.

### Facts for Politicians

(*On the analogy of "Facts for Footballers."*)

(1) Phlebitis is not confined to Tories.

(2) The *Standard* will not be incorporated with *Pearson's Weekly*.

(3) There is no ground for the statement that Sir Howard Vincent is a working man.

(4) "*Entente Cordiale*" is a French phrase. It does not, however, express Général André's attitude towards M. Syveton.

(5) Russian officers are saying that the charge to be made against the Hull fishermen before the International tribunal is that the fishermen were trying to catch the Baltic Fleet in their nets

(6) The statement in the *Times* that the American Presidential elections are unique, in the fact that neither party has differed on "any question of principle," does not, of course, refer to the fact that both were bribed by the Trusts.

**"Humour is of a genial quality, and is closely allied to pity!"**

"Then he jumped—and, of course, there wasn't any tarpaulin there at all, so he broke his neck—that's what made us all laugh so"

*DRAWN BY H. HOPE READ*

### A Collapsible Hoarding

A good deal of discussion has been going on as to the nature of the advertisement on the hoarding which fell upon, and unpleasantly injured, a young lady the other day in Wellington Street. Some people think it contained the words, "Why Not Insure your Life with the —— Assurance Company?" Others maintain that it was one of those notices beginning, "Don't Read This!"

### A Boston Error

Writing for a Boston paper—says a contemporary—an American paragraphist, who has been over in England interviewing various literary men, makes the following statement: "The most interesting writer I met in London was Mr. G. K. Chesterton, author of 'The Unspeakable Scot.'" The American follows up the mistake by proceeding to give an interview he had with Mr. Chesterton, in which the latter is reported to have kept up his anti-Scottish attitude in a way that is surprising, considering that the real author of the "Unspeakable Scot" is quite another person.

**The romance of "Rosie Boo. the cab horse and ex-charger which saved a soldier's life**

The meeting between "Rosie Boo," an ex-charger in the South African War, and Captain G. Eliott Wood, her former owner, was dramatic in the extreme. The Captain recognised his old favourite, which was between the shafts of a cab, by a healed wound in the mare's chest, which she had sustained while carrying her wounded master out of action

**Imaginary Interviews**

How many of our literary men the enterprising paragraphist really did see—and confuse—we do not know. But the following interviews suggest themselves, as likely to be found at no distant date in that same Boston paper:

(1) The most interesting writer I met in Birmingham was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the author of "The Foundations of Belief" and "Insular Free Trade." He kept up his attitude of indecision all the time I was there. "I guess," I said, "that you find it kind of hard to make up your mind." "Wal, stranger," said the Birmingham man, "I allow I can't fix it as slick as you. But if you'll call in some other day, I'll try and let you know what I think."

(2) The most interesting writer I met in the Isle of Man was Mr. Hall Caine, author of "God's Good Man." As a matter of fact, there weren't any other writers there that I could see. "I guess," I said, "you meant that book for an autobiography?" "Wal," said Hall, smiling all round his face, "I guess I wouldn't let that out to everybody. But if you're going right now, I won't deny it. It might take time to explain, and I wouldn't like to make you miss your steamer."

(3) The most interesting man I met in Yorkshire—met him quite by chance, too, in the train—was Mr. Guy Boothby, author of "The Queen's Quair." You could see at once that he was a smart writer from the way he typed off a story in the railway carriage. "I guess," I said, "that the Queen o' Scots never thought she'd come through to a shilling shocker." "Wal," said Guy, stopping a second to shift up a line, "you guessed right. Did you say you were getting out at the next station?"

MINIMUS.

## Bystander Philosophy

It is better to be out of pocket than to be out of fashion.

Nobody minds what you are, so long as you mind what you wear.

Be rich, sweet child, and let who will be clever.

The best age for the maiden is marri-age and for the nation mass-age.

Nature unadorned is simply impossible in Smart Society.

To him who hath much, much is forgiven.

To live on the wrong side of the park is to have no social existence.

## The Prohibition

(*The* "EXPRESS" *notes that in a music-hall at Glasgow the audience is requested* "*not to whistle or stamp with their feet.*")

For *siffleurs* we haven't a liking
Who patronise Art through their teeth;
And bipeds, whose boots must keep striking
The floor, from far Pentland to Leith,
Your names may be few or be legion,
Yet pause! not a soul from the street
May enter these portals Glaswegian
And whistle or stamp with his feet.

If a clever comedian's ditty
Your honest approval should earn,
Remember a rule of our city
Will govern your praise of the "turn."
Though his topical song be perfection,
His gags irresistibly neat,
Respect our deep-rooted objection
To whistling, and stamping of feet.

You'd say we're too anxious to smother
Effective display of your mirth;
Then why not take seats for some other
Variety show, say, at Perth?
Avoid managerial friction,
And listen to what we repeat,
"We mean to enforce our restriction—
'Don't whistle or stamp with the feet.'"

# "The Unhandy Man"

## THE LIFE AND TRAINING OF A GUNNER IN THE RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET

Life on a Russian warship differs from life on one of His Majesty's ships almost as much as does life on land from life on sea. Firstly, instead of learning seamanship as a boy, the Muscovite is not taken as a maritime conscript until he reaches the age of twenty-one. As often as not, he comes from an inland village near Moscow or Kursk, 400 miles from blue water. Before 1890, nearly all Russian bluejackets were Finns, Swedes, or Germans from the maritime Baltic Governments. Since then the Navy has increased so much that Finland and the German-speaking coast cannot supply enough men. So Ivan Ivanovitch, peasant, is called up by the recruiting authorities, told he has "a sailor's snout," and on that slender ground marched off to Cronstadt, where he sees the sea for the first time, and is licked into the semblance of a sailor.

At first he is a "second-class sailor," and gets practically no pay. After years of training he becomes a "first-class *moriak*," and is paid 16*s*. a year (double the infantryman's pay), and rather liberal mess and "sea" allowances. He finds discipline both severe and lax. He can be flogged, though a grown man, for slight offences. But he finds that drunkenness is not regarded as a cardinal sin. Every festival day, such as his Tsar's name-day, his own officers treat him to "tcharkas" of vodka, themselves drinking from the same glass. He is allowed to retain many of the insanitary habits practised in "Anastasevka" or "Mikhailovka," timber villages on the distant steppe. Moreover, if he is with the Baltic Fleet, he is a sailor only half the year. The rest of the year he is a landsman, or an ice-man. He forgets in December what he learnt in June. That is one reason, among many, why he merits the soubriquet "Unhandy Man."

One advantage he has: his officers, though invariably nobles, are not stuck up. A "mitch-man" may box his ears on Monday, but he is a comrade and a fellow-man on Tuesday. There is no caste feeling among Russians, but much genuine *camaraderie*, irrespective of rank and position. The "Kapitan of the First Rank," or even the Admiral, addresses his men as "bratsui" (brothers), or "dietta" (children); and, in a rough way, really looks after their welfare This applies to both Navy

RUSSIAN GUNNERS FROM THE BATTLESHIPS WHICH FIRED ON THE BRITISH TRAWLING FLEET

A first class "Moriak," or A.B. of the Baltic Fleet

Master Gunner Paulsen, of the "Kniaz Suvaroff"

Gunner Oelrichs, formerly on the "Pobieda," now on the "Borodino"

and Army, and is one of the causes why good Russian fighters, like Skobeleff, are so beloved of their men.

Ivan Ivanovitch's chief food is "schtchi," a cabbage-soup, which is pronounced with a sneeze, and eaten with "pirozhki," or little meat-cakes. He gets a reasonable allowance of meat, but prefers rye-bread and hemp butter. If he is a teetotaller (he never is), he can save nearly £2 a year by refraining from vodka.

Ivan's sports are rude and fierce. If he is a Baltic Fleet man he is usually a good swimmer, especially should he be of Cossack origin. Although he dislikes baths, he will bathe in winter through a hole in the ice. Ice-fights, similar to snowball-fights, but much more deadly, are a favourite sport. Rowing and sailing matches are rare, and Ivan is a child in an ordinary fore-and-aft rigged sailing-boat. But he is usually better educated than his soldier-comrade, and is given much to reading "lubotchniye knigi," little books costing from a farthing to a penny, and full of incredible adventures, about "English milords" with caves under the sea, and brave Russians who have swum a mile under the ocean and run away with the milord's daughter.

**The steam collier "Kamtchatka," from which the Baltic Fleet are coaling**

This collier coals at various neutral ports and supplies the battle-ships on the high seas

**Admiral Rojhdestvensky's flagship, the "Kniaz Suvaroff"**

**The battleship "Imperator Alexander III."**

Note the fine target a Russian battleship offers to the enemy's guns owing to the height of the turrets

**The battleship "Borodino"**

The *Suvaroff*, *Alexander III.*, and *Borodino* all belong to the same class. They are 13,500-ton battleships, and carry four 12 in. and twelve 6 in. guns each

# Echoes of the War: In Japan

"The Royal Banner and all quality—
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."—*Othello*

**The Yokohama United Club en fête**

The staff of servants at the club have decorated the premises, and are making a patriotic demonstration in celebration of the departure of one of their number for the front

# Echoes of the War: In Manchuria

" . . . The flinty and steel couch of war."—*Othello*

**On the way to the front**
An unique illustration of a Russian troop train passing through Manchuria

**General Kuropatkin (foremost figure) watching the grim procession of wounded, after the battle of Taschichiao**
Taschichiao is at the junction of the main railway, and the branch line to New-chwang. The Japanese, it will be recalled, drove the Russians from Taschichiao with great slaughter, forcing them to make the retreat to Liaoyang

# "Elsinore"

## THE CASTLE OF HAMLET WHICH FROWNED UPON THE PASSAGE OF THE RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET

"How now, Horatio! You tremble, and look pale:
Is this not something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?"—*Hamlet*

The frowning castle of Kronborg is associated with unnatural fear. For Kronborg is no other than "Elsinore," Hamlet's Castle, with which the Ghost made so free. It is also the castle which commands the entrance to the Baltic Sea. Through this narrow Sound, but two miles wide, there passed recently the Russian Baltic Fleet, in a state of "nerves," upon the consequences of which it is not necessary in this article to dwell.

Kronborg is the magnificent and stately Dutch Renaissance pile, built by Frederick II., in 1574-85, to command the entrance to and exit from the Sound, and its association with the greatest tragedy of all time makes it of absorbing interest to the English-speaking race. At the present moment the town of Elsinore is in a state of wild excitement over the threatened destruction of Hamlet's grave. The site is visited annually by thousands of tourists, and is now required by the North Zealand Railway, which shows no inclination to back down before the popular outcry on what is regarded as an act of vandalism. Of the scenes enacted about the grave more anon.

Shakespeare, in the drama of *Hamlet*, shows a correct knowledge of Danish names, words, and customs of his time, and even a local knowledge of the Royal castle, which he could not have derived from books. Did the author visit Elsinore with the English travelling companies which visited Denmark for the first time in 1585? One or two of the actors are known to have been his personal friends, and it is surmised that he must have done so. Kronborg is built on a spit of land about half-a-mile north-east of the town of Elsinore, and is enclosed on the land side by ramparts and broad moats. It is the type of all that is beautifully,

*Photo by* *Archer*

Kronborg Castle, on the Sound, the "Elsinore" of Hamlet

*Photo by* *Archer*

**Flag Battery, Elsinore, overlooking the Sound and Swedish Coast**

It was on this "platform before the castle," as the play-books give it, that the Ghost appeared to Hamlet

dreamily Danish, standing like an enchanted castle with its three slender spires—the central one over-topping the others by forty or fifty feet—grey battlements and green-coloured copper roofs.

Immediately to the right, on issuing from the Renaissance gateway, is the flag battery, the platform where Shakespeare makes the Ghost appear:

> What if it tempt you toward the flood, my Lord?

is Horatio's warning. Modern gunnery has rendered the fortress of no account. The pieces in the seaward batteries are of obsolescent types, and would be powerless to hold up the Baltic Fleet if the Sound Dues were still in force, and any difficulty about payment had arisen. The view from the flag battery is a very picturesque and animated one, embracing a lovely panorama of the tree-clad Swedish coast, and of the blue waters of the Sound, thronged with shipping. A blackboard is exhibited, on which the sentries chalk up the number of ships of every nationality passing through the strait in the daytime.

Apart from the picturesque inner court and the chapel, the castle, which is chiefly used as barracks, presents little attraction. But the casemates deserve a visit, being filled with reminders of the Swedish occupation—gigantic ovens, soup cauldrons, corn bins, and horrible dungeons under the stagnant moat, in which prisoners languished in their chains till the rats devoured them.

The country around is among the prettiest in Denmark. Close by lies Marienlyst, the Danish Brighton, with its pretty villas, hotels, casino, and park containing Petersen's fine statue of Hamlet. In a grove on the hill is Hamlet's "spoof" grave, now threatened with destruction by the North Zealand Railway. Every year the grave has to be built up afresh with slag from the glass works, to replace what the relic-hunters have taken away. If Hamlet ever existed, it was at the time when history fades into fable, whereas Shakespeare makes him live at a period subsequent to the invention of gunpowder. The Danes smile grimly when they see the English and American relic-hunters furtively pocketing chunks from the mound, for they have not forgiven the English vandal who cut out the window-pane in the room of the castle in which Caroline, Queen of Christian VII. and sister of George III., was imprisoned for a time on a charge of infidelity. This window-pane was inscribed by the unhappy Queen: "Keep me innocent; make others great."

Below the grave is shown Ophelia's well, but even the most hardened relic-hunter begins to suspect that he is being had when he inspects the palpably modern drinking fountain which goes by the name.

H. G. ARCHER.

*Photo by]* **Hamlet's "Spoof" Grave at Marienlyst** *[Archer*

Denmark's little joke on English and American relic-hunters. Great indignation has been aroused by the threatened destruction of the grave by the North Zealand Railway

# MATTERS MUSICAL

(For this week's Musical Arrangements see page 432)

**Florizel von Reu**

Flor[illegible]uter, the twelve-[illegible]rodigy, who attracted [illegible]eal of attention on the Continent last year, is [illegible]aturday, to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in a symphony of his own composition. He began to play the violin when he was only two and a half, and his mother, herself a capable performer, gave him lessons till he was four. At the age of five, he played to Ysaye, and four years later, after studying under Henri Marteau, he gained, at Geneva, the *diplôme de virtuosité*, being the youngest who has ever won that honour. Some idea of his marvellous talents may he gained from the statement that he plays some twenty-two concertos by heart. He plays, as he says, in order not to be a burden on his mother.

**The Cur[illegible] C[illegible]**

The Curtius Concert Club is a useful institution for those who like to make a study of music and musical methods. In effect, it is an attempt to provide good music, efficiently interpreted, at prices which should appeal to all. Twenty concerts are arranged during the season, and the subscription for the series works out at 3*s.* per concert. Special attention, one is told, is to be paid to compositions only seldom heard, and amongst those who have given, or have promised to give, recitals, one notices the names of Miss Marie Brema, Madame Marchesi, Signor Busoni, and various well-known quartettes and trios. Assuredly Mr. Curtius deserves well at the hands of his patrons.

**The Silent pp.**

It was noticeable at a recent symphony concert that in some of the *pianissimo* passages not a sound was to be heard for bars together, although one might strain one's ears to the utmost. This practice of reducing *diminuendos* to infinity, as it were, is always a doubtful gain and not seldom a distinct loss. It is hardly probable that a composer would have gone to the trouble of filling up with useless notes bars which he intended to be entirely inaudible, and therefore virtually rests, when his work was being performed. Granted this then, it seems reasonable to allow the audience to hear what was passing in the writer's mind when he marked certain passages in his score to be played "most softly."

*Photo by*] **Signor Puccini** [*Vandyck*

The popular composer of *La Bohème* and *Manon Lescaut*

**The Uproarious ff.**

But if this is a temptation to be avoided, what shall one say of the strenuous striving after noise which occasionally takes possession of the gentlemen of the trombone and trumpet? This is certainly more often heard in amateur orchestras, but even such classical institutions as the Queen's Hall Orchestra have occasional lapses from virtue in this respect, though, luckily, it is not often that one is fain to hold one's ears when Mr. Wood is in command. There is no section of a band, except it be the tympani, which requires such judicious handling, or which gives such splendid effects, if used with discretion, as the "brass."

**Fritz Kreisler**

A violinist who has already made his reputation is Fritz Kreisler, the recipient, in the spring of this year, of the Philharmonic Society's gold medal. A native of Vienna, he studied under Hellmesberger, and later in Paris under Massert, obtaining the Prix de Rome. He first played in London in 1902, when he was twenty-seven years old, and on Wednesday gave his only recital before starting on a tour in America. He is renowned for his virile playing, and, considering that, as an interpreter of Beethoven, he is said to be without a living rival, it was, perhaps, a trifle disappointing that it was not possible for the great master to be represented in the programme.

**Signor Puccini**

Puccini, the composer of the popular operas, *Manon Lescaut* and *La Bohème*, is some forty-six years of age, and was born at Lucca, where he studied for some time. Thence he went to the Conservatoire at Milan, and, after a course under Ponchielli, graduated with a fine *Capriccio sinfonico* for the orchestra. *Manon Lescaut* was first produced at Turin in 1893, and the same town saw the first performance of *La Bohème* three years later. This was produced at Covent Garden in 1897, and the two have since become firmly established in the favour of all who enjoy Italian Opera. It is significant that Verdi recognised him as his legitimate successor, and no one who has listened to his delightful music will deny that he has justified his claim to that honourable position.

H. F.

"I'm surprised at your using such dreadful language, my man. Don't you know that sort of thing is quite out of date?"

"Mebbe, Passon, but we don't all get the chances you do of picking up new swear words"

# CONCERNING THE KING OF PORTUGAL

*(NO. 50 OF THE SERIES)*

The social accomplishment of being a King would be quite enough for most people. It insures one a good reception and high popularity everywhere, save in the more exclusive Anarchist circles. But Dom Carlos the First of Portugal, whom we are all glad to see in England again, has not been content to rest upon his Royalty. He has cultivated a most interesting personality, and if he had been born a subject he would, with ordinary luck, have made a career for himself. What kind of career it is not easy to imagine; for he is a many-sided man. His remarkable work with gun, rifle, and revolver would have secured him a permanent engagement with Buffalo Bill. His labours in the department of oceanography show us what a capable man of science he would have made. His skill with brush and pencil, thoroughly developed, might have made him famous. His talent for languages might have provided Portugal with a distinguished diplomatist. His extraordinary memory—an heirloom in the House of Braganza—his skill at billiards, his power of oratory, his still greater power of listening, his proficiency in swimming, his musical talent, his devotion to Shakespeare, his habit of being up in time for breakfast, are all of them exceedingly useful and praiseworthy things, which would have contributed to bringing him to the front in any walk of life, from a bishop's to a bullfighter's—to name the two most powerful and highly-paid professions in Portugal.

This is the fourth time since his accession that King Carlos has visited our country.

It was during his first visit in 1895 that the Royal guest went to stay with Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, where our present King, then Prince, was his companion. It is related that, on the Prince asking him the time-honoured question as to what most impressed him about our country, the King replied, with a far-away look in his eyes, "English roast beef is very delightful." Pressed to say whether nothing else had struck him about England, His Majesty replied, "Of course, there is English boiled beef. That is superb."

Like the discontented sugar-broker of Mr. Gilbert's lay, Dom Carlos "has one sorrow—only one: he is extremely bulky." Yet, in activity, endurance, and physical prowess of all sorts, he could give points to most men with four or five stone less to pilot through the world. He is smart with the foils, a good tennis-player, and of unfailing regularity in the matter of his daily horse-exercise. But the delusion that encroaching portliness can be kept at a distance by copious air and exercise has, no doubt, long since departed from him. Forced to acknowledge that food may have something to do with it, the King has been put upon various diets by various medical advisers. At last, he put himself in the hands of his wife—for Queen Marie Amelie has the distinction of being the only certificated Doctor of Medicine occupying a Throne. Her devotion to medical studies has had the best results for Portugal, which owes several hospitals to her influence and bounty; but her success with her Royal patient has not been very considerable.

Among the people whose miserable poverty might excuse some disloyalty, the King and Queen of Portugal are much beloved, and with reason; for when Dom Carlos came to the Throne, and began to realise the unspeakable condition of the national finances, he began to set an example of economy in his own establishment which is still having its effect in the gradual reduction of the expenses of government. Moreover, when the crisis of 1892 came upon the country, he voluntarily reduced the Royal income, which now stands at four-fifths of what it was on his accession.

There are, however, people whom it is hard to please in Portugal as elsewhere. It was in the year following this act of self-denial in the nation's interest that an attempt was made to assassinate the King as he was driving near Lisbon.

The literary output of the crowned heads of Europe is slight, and, generally speaking, of poor quality. Among the exceptions—if there be any other—is the King of Portugal's exhaustive work on the conditions of life in the Portuguese seas, of which he has made a systematic study. Like his cousin of Monaco, he finds his purest pleasure in the study of ocean life, conducted from his own yacht, or traced in the pages of those learned tomes which often keep him up so late at Cintra.

Dom Carlos has also been known to produce sculpture, and his paintings are a regular feature of the Lisbon Salon. Lest the hanging committee of that institution should be suspected of looking behind the plain signature of "Carlos Braganza," which appears in the corner of each painting of his, let it be recorded that he took a Silver Medal of the Second Class at the Paris Exhibition in 1890, with a pastel sketch, entitled, "Tunny Fishing on the Portuguese Coast." His own method of fishing, by the way, is peculiar. He waits on the bank till they rise, and then kills them with a rifle. It wants doing, they say.

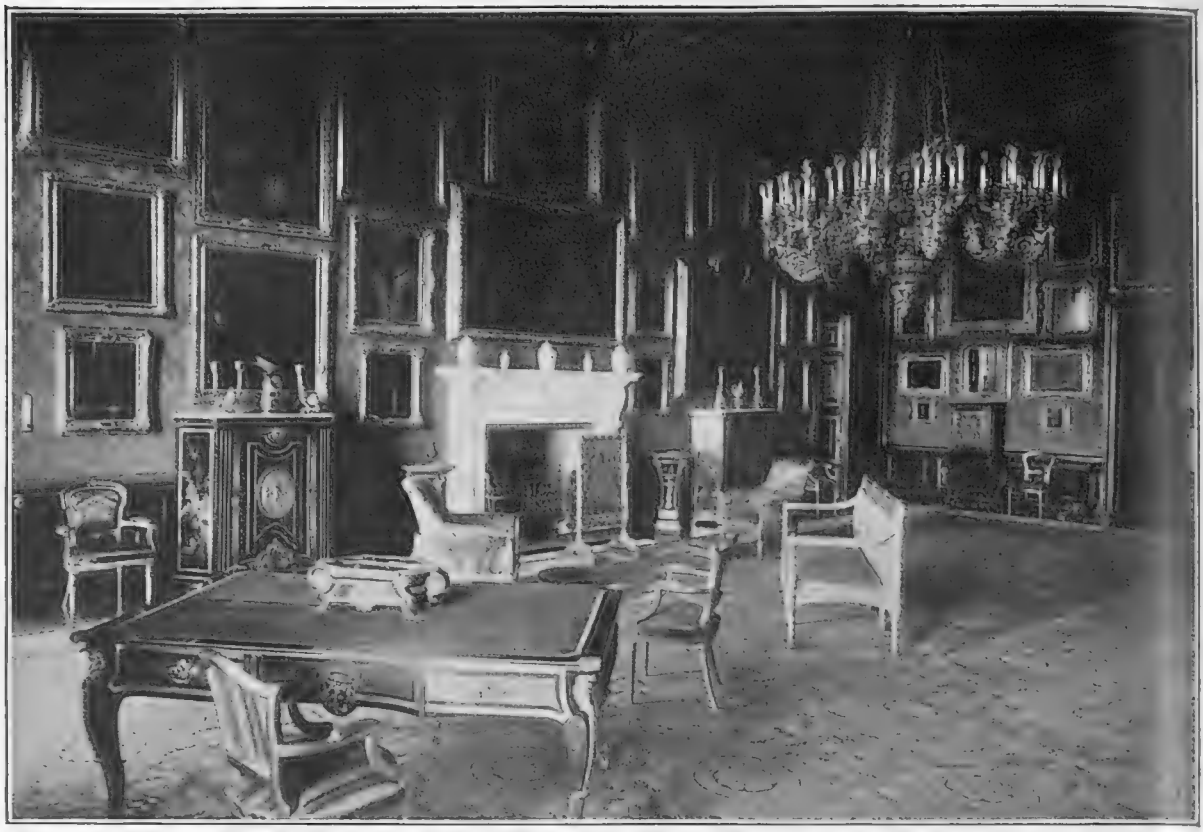
His Queen, whose good works fill her life, is the daughter of the Comte de Paris, and was born among us, at the famous exile's home in Twickenham. It is curious to note that her marriage with Dom Carlos, in 1889, which was a very splendid affair, roused the French Government to expel the Royal and Imperial pretenders from the Republic.

Like his second cousin of England and the German Kaiser, Carlos the First is descended from Frederick of Saxe-Coburg, who died close on a century ago. As the personal friend of King Edward, for his own qualities, and for the sake of our ancient alliance with his people, he is more than welcome.

The Royal and Distinguished Guest of the Nation

# State Apartments in Windsor Castle

## WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL ARE NOW BEING ENTERTAINED



The Picture Gallery at Windsor Castle

*Photos by*] **The Vandyke Room, Windsor Castle** [*H. N. King*

This room, formerly the old ball-room, contains all the Vandykes, which, before were scattered about the Castle. The most famous examples in this gallery are the portraits of Charles I., Queen Henrietta Maria, and the portrait of Vandyke, by himself

*THE PLOT OF*

# "The Walls of Jericho"

## AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

*UNFOLDED IN PHOTOGRAPHS*

**The "Smart Set" entertain their host (Jack Frobisher, ex-squatter) with a cake-walk**

*Photos by* *Ellis and Walery*

**Lady Alethea, the squatter's Society wife, dallies with the "Tertium Quid"**

DALLAS (*Mr. H. Nye Chart*): "They say there are sixty-seven different ways in which a woman can like a man"
ALETHEA (*Miss Violet Vanbrugh*): "Really, and in how many ways does a man like a woman:'
DALLAS: "Two. He either likes her, or he loves her"

[*Continued over page*

**The ways of the "Smart Set": Bridge, and a cheating Duchess**

DUCHESS *(Miss Lena Halliday)*: *(After a cool glance at her opponent's hand)* "I call no trumps"
TINY *(Miss Mary Venant)*: "Shall I play to no trumps, partner?"
ALETHEA *(Miss Violet Vanbrugh)*: "I double no trumps"
DUCHESS: "You do? I re-double. That makes forty-eight"

*Photos by*

**Lady Alethea snubs her admirer**

DALLAS: "Why do you keep me at arm's length?"
ALETHEA: "We are entitled by Act of Parliament to so many cubic feet of air, and I have never measured the precise length of my arm"

*Ellis and Walery*

**Her sister encourages Frobisher's friend (also a squatter)**

H. BANNISTER *(Mr. Sydney Valentine)*: "And you think we two could be friends, Lady Lucy?"
LUCY DERENHAM *(Miss Muriel Beaumont)*: "I fancy we are that already. I'm not a doll. I know a man when I see one"

**Frobisher—the rough diamond who finds the ways of Society nauseating—gets the straight tip—**

LADY WESTERBY *(Miss Kate Sergeantson)*: "Which will you be, the man of Queensland, or the gentleman of Mayfair"
JACK FROBISHER *(Mr. Arthur Bourchier)*: "The man of Queensland, by God!"

*Photos by* *Ellis and Walery*

**—He acts on it, and, determined no longer to be ruled by his Society wife, is very curt with her**

ALETHEA: "Well, Jack, what have you settled about Max?"
JACK: "We will discuss that another time" *(exit—banging the door)*

**Alethea aghast**

After the abrupt and unceremonious departure of her husband, Lady Alethea finds it difficult to express her outraged feelings in words.

**Jack speaks plainly to his enraged father-in-law**

JACK: "Believe me, Lord Steventon, the heir to your title will be far better employed earning his livelihood in Australia than sponging at home on snobs and parvenus"

*Photos by* *Ellis and Walery*

**The "Tertium Quid" is forced to read his own letter to Lady Alethea**

DALLAS *(Mr. H. Nye Chart)*: *(Reading letter)* "Dear Lady Alethea"
HANKEY BANNISTER *(Mr. Sydney Valentine)*: "I don't see the word 'lady'——
DALLAS: "We're very old friends"
JACK FROBISHER: "Go on!"

**The terrible indictment of the "Smart Set"**

JACK: "I've had enough of these companions of yours—these wretched sexless women who do nothing but flirt and gamble—these childless wives who grudge the time that it costs them to bring a baby into the world. I've had enough of their brainless, indecent talk, when everything good is turned into ridicule, and each word has a double meaning. I've had enough of this existence of ours, in town and country where all the men make love to their neighbour's wives. I've done with it all, and so have you"

LADY ALETHEA: "You exaggerate grossly"

*Photos by* *Ellis and Walery*

**Lady Alethea tastes the last dregs of bitterness before the "happy ending" is achieved**

JACK FROBISHER: "If I leave the boy with you, will you be a good mother to him"
LADY ALETHEA: "Yes! oh, yes!"
JACK FROBISHER: "Very well then, he shall stay here. I go to Queensland alone. Remember that he's my son, and try in the time to come, to think more kindly of his father. And out there in Queensland I shall be waiting for you both. Good-bye." *(Alethea relents)*

## OUR SHORT STORY

# BUTLER'S MAGAZINE

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

As he sat in his chambers in the Temple,—smoking, musing, revelling in the warmth and cheeriness of the fire and lazily feeling that life was not so much of a nuisance after all,—little did Sidney Butler dream that over there in Paris, among a number of young and ambitious French, English, and American art-students of the Latin Quarter, he was the man, the genius, the giant of the hour. In him were centred their dearest hopes—extraordinary, intoxicating hopes. Through him, they hoped to win recognition and homage from the whole of this wide, wide world. And the name "Butler" was ever on their lips, and brought a bright light into their eyes and a happy, hectic flush to their cheeks.

Thus:

When last in Paris, Sidney Butler, a young man of a tasteful, sympathetic, but lazy temperament, had proclaimed his intention of investing a portion of the money just inherited from an adoring aunt in the production of a magazine. An entirely new magazine, with himself as editor! A magazine which, in appearance, as in substance, would be original, brilliant, and distinguished above all other monthly publications for its amazing independence.

He said: "There are only two kinds of magazines; the solemn and the shoddy. I feel sure there is room for another."

Ardently his art-student friends agreed: "Of course there is. Everybody says so."

"Everybody" was themselves. Again and again had they raged against those magazines (and they were legion) which could not be persuaded to appreciate their very modern and peculiar ideas.

Sidney Butler continued: "What do you think of 'The Aspen Leaf' for a title?"

Enthusiastically his friends responded with cries of "Charming," "Most artistic," "Perfect."

For an entire fortnight "The Aspen Leaf" was under anxious, excited discussion, and when Sidney Butler returned to London, his friends insisted upon seeing him off at the Gare du Nord. They beseeched him to write soon and often, and waved their hands and hats after him as the train steamed out of the station.

As they passed the bookstall, they imagined "The Aspen Leaf" prominently displayed amidst the English periodicals.

"Donnez-moi le 'Aspen Leaf,'" they fancied they heard English passengers demanding, eagerly, even passionately, ere they hastened towards the Calais train.

Full of delightful dreams and plans, they walked right across Paris, back to the Latin Quarter. Thus began the mad excitement over Butler's magazine.

. . . . . .

"I believe I could write short stories remarkably well," announced Montague Smith. "Not the ordinary stuff, but after the style of Guy de Maupassant. It would be the very thing for Butler."

"I've begun a poem for him," said Edgar Pole.

The scene was the studio of Edgar Pole: a large, draughty place, shabbily furnished, scented with the fumes of a spirit lamp (which was boiling water in a corner), and otherwise odorous of turpentine and paint. Seated on an old divan were Montague Smith and Hester Purcell; and on the floor, cross-legged, scrubbing a palette, was their host, Edgar Pole. Present also were Harrington Hill and Agatha Simpson, and a young Frenchman, Hector Niô, who wore sandals and queer rings, and called himself an impressionist. The typical untidy, uncomfortable studio of the Latin Quarter, and its occupants the art-students of the weird type. That is to say, they dressed weirdly, talked weirdly, worked weirdly, and were very proud of their weirdness, and satisfied that those who would or could not be weird were depressing, dreadful, and altogether "impossible." They had only just passed the twenties, but spoke with authority on all things. Their pet abhorrence was "the public." When the taste of "the public" came up for discussion, they were all smiles, all shrugs, all sneers. But "the public" had been spared mocking, bitter vituperation since the appearance and departure of Sidney Butler. The eternal topic was the magazine.

"This Monsieur Butler," said Hector Niô, the Frenchman, "is sympathetic to me. I will send him my study of a mountain. My friend, Victor Millefleurs, pronounced it a work of genius. But you have seen it. The night is dark; and on the mountain, in the darkness, is a hut. Who lives there? What takes place within? Why is there no movement, no light? Is there a mystery? Is there a crime? Is there——?"

"Oui, oui, magnifique," interrupted Edgar Pole. Then turning to Miss Hester Purcell: "Do you know, I rather like my poem. Only two verses are ready, but I've got the idea all right. And I can't help saying its rather fine."

"You and I are going to be rivals," said Hester Purcell, a languid, haggard, and affected young woman. "I've got an idea for a poem, too. Rather bizarre, but original. I am calling it 'The Wail!'"

"I am writing him a dialogue entitled 'The Two Voices!'" observed Miss Agatha Simpson, another

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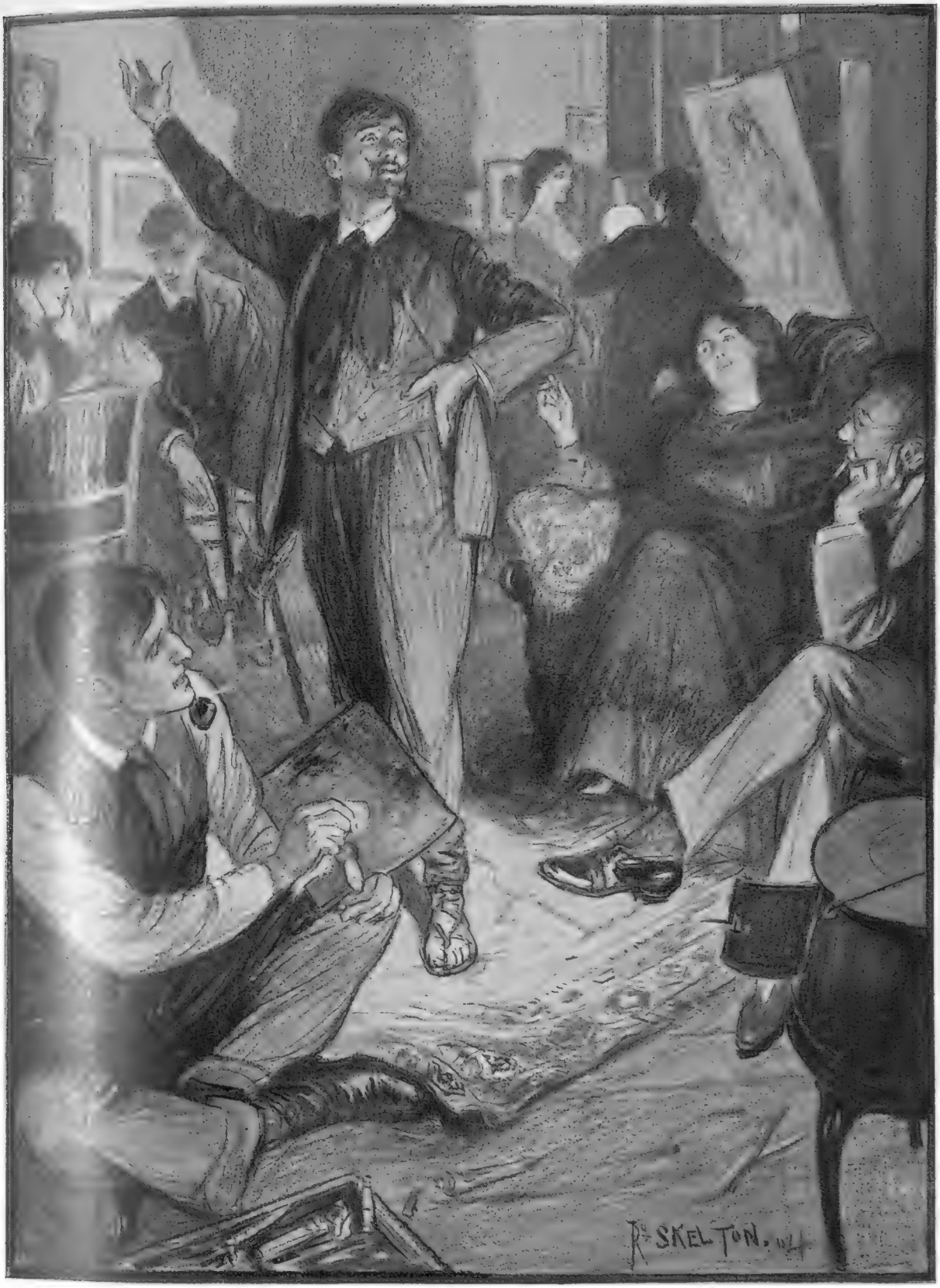



"The night is dark; and on the mountain, in the darkness, is a hut. Who lives there? What takes place within? Why is there no movement, no light? Is there a mystery? Is there a crime? Is there —— ?"

singular young woman. "And the voices are those of Shakespeare and Dante. Difficult, but I believe I shall succeed. But what are you doing, Mr. Hill?"

"Not made my mind up yet," replied that collarless, soft-shirted, dishevelled, and ineffable gentleman. "I have wondered if Butler would like a series of critical essays on unknown painters of real genius. I know of several in the Quarter."

"By the way," said Montague Smith, "oughtn't someone to be writing to Butler?"

"Yes, I have been thinking of that," agreed Edgar Pole. "And I'll write him a long letter to-night. There is a very great deal to suggest to him, and I

should like him to see that we are all of us anxious to help him with 'The Aspen Leaf.'"

That night Edgar Pole hastily and importantly entered a café, and immediately called for writing materials. In his letter most words were underlined, and the name of "The Aspen Leaf" figured constantly. There was much about a poem. There was enthusiastic praise of Hector Niô's mountain, of Miss Purcell's "Wail," of Miss Simpson's "Two Voices," and of the wonderful story-telling and essay-writing abilities of Montague Smith and Harrington Hill. Also, Edgar Pole promised the future editor of "The Aspen Leaf" the precious collaboration of Victor Millefleurs, Daniel Fields, Eustace Burton, Marguerite Dunlop, Samuel Earle —all of whom he pronounced to be geniuses of the first water. He continued, "We are all preparing something for you. We are resolved that 'The Aspen Leaf' shall be brilliantly successful. And you, my dear Butler, will ever be remembered for your services to the higher literature and art." In fine, a glowing, enthusiastic epistle of eleven pages, which terminated with the request that Sidney Butler should reply at "length" (underlined) and also (underlined) "by return of post." Nor was this the only letter penned to Sidney Butler that night. While Edgar Pole wrote in *his* café, Hector Niô, Montague Smith, and Harrington Hill were writing hard in other cafés. All three were enthusiastic, exuberant. Not only did they promise contributions for the first number of "The Aspen Leaf"; they promised to be regular monthly contributors, and unfolded schemes for the far, far future.

Miss Agatha Simpson and Miss Hester Purcell wrote playful letter-cards to "Dear Mr. Editor," which announced the speedy arrival in manuscript form of "The Wail" and "The Two Voices." Timidly, they added, "Please, Mr Editor, don't think us *too* ambitious and *too* pessimistic."

Never — no, never — such a correspondence! Sidney Butler—who admitted to being "the worst of correspondents"—wrote neither "at length" nor "by return of post," as he was so invariably urged to do. He used post-cards But then he explained that he was "immensely busy," and had not yet determined to which publisher should be entrusted the care of producing "The Aspen Leaf." He stated, moreover, that publishers were incapable of appreciating true literature and true art. And to this, everyone ardently agreed.

Admirable was the zeal of the contributors to the new magazine.

"Hullo, Pole," said Herbert Davies, on meeting him in the Luxembourg Gardens, "haven't seen you for a long time, what have you been doing?"

"Good gracious, man," replied Pole fretfully, indignantly, "I'm up to my eyes in work for Butler's magazine. Haven't got a moment to spare." And dashed off across the Luxembourg Gardens, without another word, to Herbert Davies' blank astonishment.

It was the same with all of them, but, in the midst of their literary and artistic labours, they found time to bombard Sidney Butler with ardent letters. They arrived with almost every post. Usually, in reply, came post-cards. As time went on, even the post-cards became rarer.

Hector Niô telegraphed that the mysterious hut on the dark mountain would leave Paris on the following Wednesday; and Edgar Pole also went to the expense of addressing Sidney Butler by telegram.

In fine, at this period, the last touches were being put to enough articles and sketches to fill half-a-dozen thick, heavy magazines.

The excitement grew. So intense was the excitement that it was not in the least damped by the speech of an English friend of Sidney Butler, which may be abbreviated in this wise:

"I've known Butler for fifteen ears. We were at school together, and he's one of the best fellows living, but one of the wildest and, at the same time, the laziest. He's always got some scheme on, but it never comes off. He means what he says in the beginning, and then . . . something happens . . . and the next time you see him, he's contemplating quite another scheme, and that also doesn't come off. I shouldn't take his magazine seriously, if I were you. Take my word for it: there'll never be—what do you call it?—O, an 'Aspen Leaf.' Besides, I have heard that Butler is in love at the present moment—horribly in love. And I expect to hear of his engagement at any moment."

No: this speech failed to dismay Edgar Pole and his friends. The speaker's easy, almost vulgar way of expressing himself stamped him, in their opinion, as a barbarian, who was quite incapable of understanding a personage of such marked literary and artistic tastes as Sidney Butler. That he had conceived the idea of "The Aspen Leaf" was enough!

In spite of all, more letters and more post-cards to Sidney Butler. Also two telegrams: "Hut and mountain ready, vive le 'Aspen Leaf,'" signed "Hector Niô"; and "'To a Shadow' achieved. Feel quite Triumphant," signed, "Edgar Pole."

To celebrate the achievement of "To a Shadow," its author invited the entire Paris staff of "The Aspen Leaf" to take coffee and liqueurs with him in a Latin Quarter café. Loyal toasts were drunk: the health of Sidney Butler, and a long and ever-brilliant life to the magazine.

The fête, in fine, was the happiest, the most harmonious, the most rapturous of fêtes.

"Vive le 'Aspen Leaf,'" cried Hector Niô, as "good-nights" were being exchanged on the boulevard.

"Vive l'Entente Cordiale," shouted Victor Millefleurs, enthusiastically. "Vive le roi Edouard! Vive l'Angleterre."

But, on the morrow, came a letter from Sidney Butler; the longest Edgar Pole and his associates had yet received.

. . . . . .

Oh, Sidney Butler, as you sit in your chambers in the Temple—smoking, gazing fondly at a photograph, worshipping the graceful figure represented by that photograph and feeling that life is not only worth living, but beautiful, and sweet, and exquisite—little do you dream that over there in Paris, among a number of young and disappointed French, English and American art-students of the Latin Quarter, you are regarded as a base, despicable traitor. In you are centred their disgust, their contempt, even their hatred. For you, were created masterpieces. . . . "The Mountain and the Hut"; "To a Shadow";

"The Two Voices"; "The Wail"; other masterpieces . . . in vain. And the name "Butler" is spoken with those smiles, those shrugs, those sneers which were formerly reserved for that abhorrence, "the public."

Alas, Sidney Butler, as you think only of *her*, and of the fast approaching day when she will be *yours*,—yes, as not once do your thoughts turn to "The Aspen Leaf," unpublished, and now for ever, unpublished—little do you imagine that over there in Paris, Hecter Niô is crying:

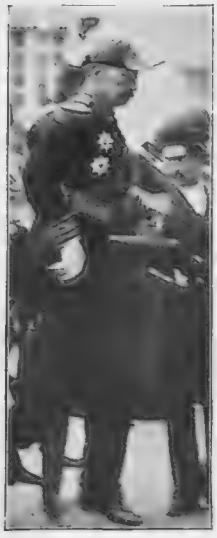
"A bas l'Entente Cordiale,"

And Victor Millefleurs:

"A bas l'Angleterre."

**"IN AN ENGLISH PARK."—AN UNFLATTERING RUSSIAN CARTOON**

The above cartoon, which is reproduced from the *Schut*, St. Petersburg, represents a Russian artist's view of Britain's strength and beauty. The two figures in the foreground give excellent indication of the artist's ignorance or malevolence; in the matter of the other two figures, while the type of English manhood depicted is not flattering, we are glad to note the cartoonist had to relieve his artistic conscience by introducing at least one figure with a semblance of reality about it



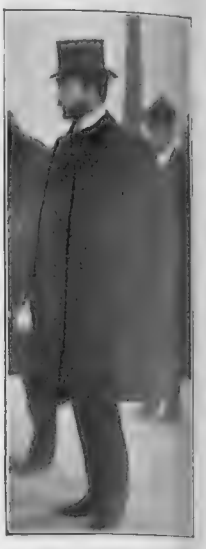
Général André

Who was struck in the face by M. Syveton, in the French Chamber of Deputies. This act, resented by all, culminated in a general riot

# PARISIANA

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN PARIS

By "V. DE PARIS"



M. Gabriel Syveton

M. Syveton's cowardly act in striking Général André, an old man of sixty-five, brought him a just retribution from foes and friends alike

Had it not been aroused by the cowardly blow of a comparatively young man's fist in an old man's face (for Général André is sixty-five, and ailing, and Gabriel Syveton in the vigour of his manhood) the scene of hooliganism in the Chamber would have been extremely funny. M. Syveton had evidently thought that he was acting the part of a modern Brennus. Instead of being hooted and applauded though, he was immediately mobbed by political friends and foes alike, and had it not been for the help of the Marquis de Dion, the celebrated motorist, a giant standing 6ft. 3in, and more than proportionately broad, he would have had an even worse ten minutes than be got.

Hooliganism has ceased to be popular with the French aristocracy since the Christiani incident at Auteuil, and, although it is still the fashionable thing to be a reactionary in politics, the methods of the well-born members of the Opposition are no longer those of M. Syveton and his friends, the butchers of the Villette suburb, who some years since tried hard to rush the Third Republic into another *Coup d'Etat*.

Général André is, at present, far more anxious as to the effect of the assault upon him than indignant at it; for his son, a young lieutenant in the service, has disappeared from his colonel's ken, and the War Minister and his friends fear some headstrong act of vengeance or of provocation on the young man's part.

Politics play a queer *rôle* in the life of Paris, altogether. A really Republican playwright is, for instance, a comparative rarity, and is to be found only in the ranks of the serious writers of plays of the problem type, while all the writers of high comedy are undoubted reactionaries. They are not always reactionaries of particular tact though, and in this week's new play, *Chiffon*, now running at the Athenée, the authors, one of whom is a lady, have had the bad taste to attempt to raise a laugh by an allusion to a painful event which happened in the private life of M. Delcassé some years ago, and to make M. Delcassé's caricature a gentleman named "Vercasson."

I can imagine the horror of the late Paul de Cassagnac at Friday's outrage had death not closed his eyes some hours before it happened, for Cassagnac, though he made no attempt to hide his disapproval of the present Constitution, and though he was a very Irish Member in the Chamber for inciting uproar, invariably did so in an airy, humorous, and gentlemanly manner. I can remember him one afternoon, calmly facing the Left, and, in his rich, full voice, making one of those bitterly provoking observations which rarely failed to loose the storm. The storm broke out, the Speaker clanged his bell and banged the desk with his broad paper-knife of ivory, and, when he could be heard, called M. de Cassagnac to order, and insisted on apology. It came, but came in terms which called down the official censure. Then Cassagnac excused himself for what he had already said, in language which brought him suspension and suppression of his Member's daily fee of 25fr. for some weeks, and, finally, when the House had cooled down a little, he turned to the President (M. Floquet, I think he was at that time), and said, with an inimitable irony which brought the House down, "I have my watch at your disposal still, M. le President, but that is all."

The Dowager Duchess d'Uzès (on the left)

Who, in spite of her more than sixty years, is still an intrepid sportswoman, and opened, on St. Hubert's Day, this year's stag-hunting season at Bonnelles

**M. Bonnat, the eminent portrait painter, in his studio**

Just now there is a little friendly rivalry between M. Saint Säens, the famous composer, and M. Bonnat, as both are candidates for the directorship of the French School of the Fine Arts at Rome

Discussion is running high as to the probable chances of various well-known artists and musicians for nomination to the directorship of the French School of the Fine Arts in Rome. The favourite is M. Bonnat, the eminent portrait painter, and though Bonnat is well upon the way to seventy, his authority is such, that France has few better men to represent her in the Holy City in what Napoleon called the "third and most important of the Embassies of France," the Villa Médicis. There is, however, talk of offering the post to M. Saint Säens, the composer, but his election would not be as popular as that of M. Bonnat, whose world-wide reputation as a portrait painter points to him for a post which ought to fall to painters rather than to even so eminent a votary of the sister art as M. Saint Säens.

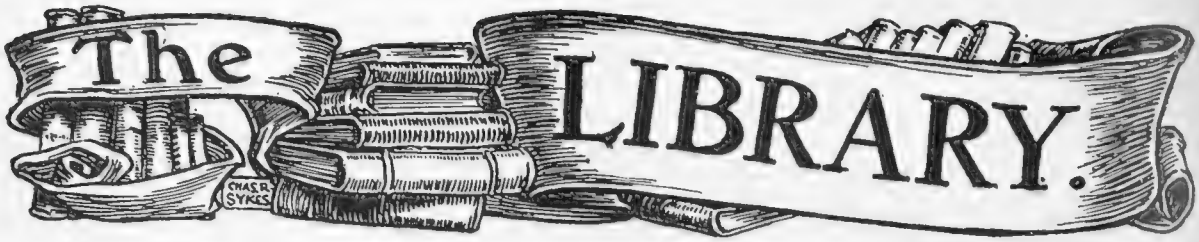
And the contest between painters and musicians for the Villa Médicis directorship reminds me of an excellent story of Gounod in Rome. He was walking out to the Villa Médicis, when he met his publisher, M. Choudens—or Père Choudens, as everybody called him—bent on the same errand. M. Choudens was an eccentric personality, and dressed rather strangely. He wore, that morning, a coat richly lined with furs worth a small fortune, and a shockingly old and battered hat. Gounod, who never could forgive Choudens the bargain he had made out of his opera *Faust*, which had been bought outright for a mere trifle, pointed to the coat and remarked, "*Faust, mon cher.*" Le Père Choudens looked at him for a minute and took off his battered hat. "Perhaps," he said, "but this is *Le Tribut de Zamora*," alluding to the utter failure of Gounod's last opera, for which he had paid pretty highly.

This year again the Dowager Duchess d'Uzès has opened the stag-hunting season at Bonnelles on St. Hubert's Day, with a picturesque mass in the forest. The Duchess, who is a sister of the Duc de Luynes, and bears one of the oldest and most honoured names in France, is an intrepid sportswoman, in spite of her more than sixty years. She, her old friend the Marquis de Chanbray, and the Countess de Puységuer, rarely miss the season's opening day, and, although stag-hunting in France is by no means what it once was, the members of the great, old families are still ardent sportsmen and sportswomen, from the Vicomte de la Besge, who is nearly ninety, to Count Boni de Castellane and his American wife.

The best shooting to be had in France is over the covers of the Duc de Chartres, where the best guns in the world are to be met, among them being frequently the King of Portugal, the King of Greece, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and the three Russian Grand Dukes, Cyril, Vladimir, and Boris. A day at La Pommeraye is interesting too, from the fact that, although the language spoken is invariably French, the manners and the habits of the Royal and the noble guests are very British, and in the dusk of the late afternoon, over the tea-tables in the great hall, it is hard to remember, sometimes, that one is on the European side of the small streak of choppy channel. And this reminds me that Lord de Grey is very popular here as a sportsman, and is one of the few who runs King Carlos close among the pheasants

**Count Boni de Castellane (on the right) with his friend the Marquis of Beauvoir**

Although staghunting has declined very considerably in France, the members of the grand old aristocratic families are always to the fore as ardent followers of the chase




## Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Thackeray in the United States." By General James Grant Wilson. Published to-day. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder: 18*s.* net.)

"Sunny Sicily: Its Rustics and Its Ruins." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. (Hutchinson: 18*s.* net.)

"The History of the Victoria Cross." By Philip A. Wilkins. Illustrated. (Constable: 21*s.* net.)

"The Story of My Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vambéry." 2 Vols. (Fisher Unwin: £1 1*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"A Daughter of Jael: A Novel." By Lady Ridley. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Godfrey Marten: Undergraduate." By Charles Turley. (Heinemann: 5*s.*)

"Baccarat: A Story." By Frank Danby. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Son of Royal Langbrith." By W. D. Howells. (Harpers: 6*s.*)

"Lammas Grove." By Carlton Dawe. (Brown, Langham and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Helen Alliston." By the author of "Elizabeth's Children." (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Canon in Residence." By V. L. Whitechurch. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Jess and Co." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

## OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

*From* JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

Fleet Street, November 14, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

Do you remember telling me of your meetings with Arminius Vambéry in the drawing-rooms of London in the early sixties? It was the day of the explorer: Livingstone, Sir Richard Burton, Speke, Grant, Du Chaillu, Kirk, and this remarkable man Vambéry. As far as they would permit it, London Society lionised them, and I have always remembered your description of the lame, Oriental-looking young man—he was not much over thirty—who had passed through so many adventures, and who, in spite of the eagerness with which he was run after by London hostesses, seemed so little at home in the whirl of fashionable life. You will read with great interest *The Story of My Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vambéry* (Fisher Unwin), and you will find that you were right in supposing that the lionising of 1864 in London was not altogether to the author's taste, much as he appreciated the kindness with which he was received. And, indeed, the contrast between the life he led here and his early privations is sufficiently startling. It loses nothing of its pungency as recorded by himself. Born of a good Jewish family, which, however, had sunk into the depths of poverty, the young Vambéry went through almost incredible distresses and difficulties to gain the first steps on the ladder of learning. He writes with invariable cheerfulness of the hunger and dire poverty that were never allowed to break his spirit, but one shudders at the recital. His passion for languages bore remarkable and very early fruit. In whatever country of the East he travelled or sojourned he was able to pass as a native, and his insight into the actual life of strange peoples has probably never been equalled, except by Sir Richard Burton. At the age of thirty-two he had seen enough of the East, and passed through as many vicissitudes, as to gain him that spell of lionising which is generally reserved for men of twice his age. His experiences as described here are thrilling, but it is small wonder that he denied himself the pleasure of repeating them. In the last forty years, however, he has lived in the thick of political excitements, and his second volume is as interesting as his first. It contains two chapters—one on the Sultan of Turkey, the other on the late Shah of Persia—which probably come nearer to a true estimate of the characters and motives of those potentates than anything that has yet been written; for Professor Vambéry attained to something like a close intimacy with both of them, and saw and heard much that must remain hidden from an ordinary European. These two volumes of autobiography are packed full of interest from beginning to end.

Out of a somewhat long list of novels I choose Mr. Carlton Dawe's *Lammas Grove* (Brown, Langham and Co.) for special notice. It is a striking tale of a mean street in a mean quarter, and of its influence on the lives of its inhabitants; painful certainly, and all the more so because of the gleams of brightness with which the tragedy is enlivened, but absorbing none

the less, and with bitter truth in every line of it. The hero of the story is a boy with a spark of genius in him, who shakes off, for a time, the influence of his sordid upbringing and treads the difficult path of self-control and respectability. Everything seems to be going well with him, and one follows his career with almost painful interest. Then comes temptation in a somewhat unusual form; he succumbs, and the end is darkness. "I knew he would come back," says the evil spirit of his early years, "for the Grove is in his blood, an' it called him, it called him home."

A delightful story is *Helen Alliston*, by the author of "Elizabeth's Children" (John Lane). It takes the not unusual form of the biography of a well-born girl, who tries to disentangle herself from the meshes of poverty by her pen, and comes at last into the haven of matrimony. But the charm of the book lies in its characterisation. "The Derry's," a large family of delightful children in the happy-go-lucky Bohemian home in which Helen Alliston stays for a time as "paying guest," are quite entrancing; and just as entertaining in their way, although, perhaps, rather overdrawn, are the rich and vulgar Stanley-Browne's, to whom she acts as a "Cyclopædia on Etiquette," and in whose resplendent country mansion she meets the man who eventually rescues her from her struggle with life. This is a thoroughly fresh and wholesome book, written in a light and pleasant style, and with considerable literary skill.

The idea of *The Canon in Residence*, by V. L. Whitechurch (Methuen), is a good one. A clergyman, going for a week or two to St. Moritz on a holiday, finds himself deprived of his clerical garments by a stranger, who leaves him his own rather loud ones instead, with the result that Canon Smith sees life for the first time since his ordination from the point of view of a layman, and is considerably broadened in mind by the process. His liberal ideas cause a small commotion in the Cathedral town in which he settles on his return to England. There is a good deal of scandal when an incomplete version of the episode leaks out, and an excellent story is made up out of the opposition of the somewhat conventionally worldly Dean and Chapter to the new Canon in residence.

There are those who could see no humour in "Wee MacGreegor," but, out of the thousands who did, many will welcome *Jess and Co.* (Hodder and Stoughton), by the same author. To my mind, it marks a considerable advance on J. J. B.'s earlier work. The character of Jess, the wife of the sweet-tempered but desultory would-be-gardener carpenter, is excellent, and so are the minor characters in what is quite a charming story.

Believe me, my dear Squire,

Ever yours sincerely,

JASPER SPEKE.

## Books to Appear Shortly

There should be plenty of good reading in a book which Mr. Heinemann is about to publish on *Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century*. "All history," as Thackeray says, "went and bathed and drank there," in those days. Beau Nash alone should make an entertaining study—and a sad one when we remember his miserable end, poverty-stricken and neglected by the inhabitants who owed so much to him, his only reward being the empty honour of a posthumous statue. But that is the way of the world.

The new biographical edition of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, edited by "Diplomaticus," and published by Messrs. Moring, promises to be a worthy memorial of the statesman and author whose hundredth birthday is to be celebrated next month. *Vivian Grey*, with which the new edition begins, will practically be a new book to the present generation, all the omitted passages from the third edition of 1827, and the further omissions and alterations made by Sarah Disraeli at her brother's instance in 1853, having been restored. Among the new illustrations is one of a bust of Mrs. Austen, who—though the fact is little known—collaborated with Disraeli in *Vivian Grey*, and who sat with him to an artist in Florence. This was during Disraeli's tour on the Continent with Mr. and Mrs. Austen in the summer of 1827, while the second part of *Vivian Grey* was being written. The editor's long biographical introduction to the new edition has received the unusual distinction of appearing first in serial form in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

Messrs. Putnam are issuing a volume of American literary essays which has a topical interest attaching to it, from the fact that the writer, Mr. Paul Elmer More, was recently revealed as the joint author of the anonymous "Jessica Letters," which have been attracting a good deal of attention lately. Mr. More is the literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and his collaborator in the "Jessica Letters" has been identified as Mrs. Lundy Howard Harris, the wife of a Professor of Greek in Georgia. His new volume is more sedate. It comes under the title of *Shelburne Essays*, and deals with such scholarly topics as "The Spirit of Carlyle," "Two Poets of the Irish Movement," and "A Hermit's Note on Thoreau."

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, whose *'Liza of Lambeth*, and other books, have made him a force to be reckoned with among the prominent writers of to-day, has two new volumes coming out with Mr. Heinemann. One is a travel book, giving his impressions of Andalusia, under the title of *The Land of the Blessed Virgin*, and the other a new novel entitled, *The Merry-go-Round*. The story is of a barrister, who, although he is in love with a charming widow, marries a barmaid from conscientious motives. The marriage is not a success, and the young couple lead a "cat-and-dog" life, which is only terminated by the death of the woman.

It is a little remarkable that we should be receiving books this month from the pens of both the present and the late Archbishops of Canterbury. The late Archbishop's book is a volume of Communion addresses, which Messrs. Methuen are publishing to-morrow under the title of *God's Board*. Mrs. Benson has written an introductory note to the book. The present Archbishop of Canterbury's volume contains his selection from the sermons and addresses which he delivered during his recent American tour, and is being published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of *The Christian Opportunity*.

# Gossip About Books and Their Makers

**"Rita" and the Reviewers**

Why should that vivacious lady, who has so long written over the *nom de guerre* of "Rita," begin falling foul of the reviewers at this late stage of her career? I am sure she has little to complain about personally, and if some of us—for I am of the ruffianly gang she is "exposing"—have expressed our intense surprise that her latest book could have been thought "above the heads" of the patrons of the newspaper syndicate for whom it was originally written (as she states in her preface), the observation should have pleased her. For my part, I am certain the book is above no head with a spoonful of brains in it. But that is by the way. Let us consider her charges against the "litery gents" that write reviews. "It matters not if the book be well or ill written, if it has humour or lacks it, style or grace of promise, plot that excites, or character that charms. The one essential thing is to discover its faults—not to praise its merits." That, if you please, is how the critics of the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Times*, fulfil their duties. "Rita" is evidently not aware that the *Saturday* has long been a spent force, and that no sensible author troubles his head what it may say about him. Now, with no particular desire to advertise either of the other journals, in both of which I have myself been "slated" without turning a hair, I do not hesitate to assert that "Rita's" statement is a gross travesty of fact. With rare exceptions the reviews in the *Times* and the *Athenæum* are written by men of proved ability and quite without prejudice. I seldom read the "Literary Supplement" of the *Times* without feeling proud of English journalism, and I have better reason than "Rita" to cherish a grudge in that quarter. Let me tell you a little true story, which I may call:

*Photo by*] **Miss Betham-Edwards** [*Russell*

A recent portrait of the author of "Dr. Jacob," who is now engaged on an important book about France and the French

**"Vengeance by Review!"**

Once upon a time there was a young man who spent many moons in the making of a book. When this book went forth to the world, the young man felt sinfully puffed up because every reviewer opined that he had done a good thing. But, behold, while the young man had been about his task, a certain greybeard, whose bones were creaky and his movements slow, had been garnering in the same field. And so it befel that the youth committed the heinous sin of filling his barn while the dotard creaked his rheumatic limbs in the ravaged field. He whimpered that the youth had left it a stubbly wilderness. But the greybeard's time came. He was privileged to pass judgment on the work of his rival; and did damn it with exceeding great anathema! This, too, under the cloak of anonymity, and in the pages of a great journal. But the young man did not complain; he merely said, "It is all in the day's work." How like you my little story, "Rita"? Supports your case? Not a bit of it. In a fairly extensive experience of the ways of reviewers, it is the only instance of unfair criticism that has come to my knowledge. As a matter of fact, reviewers are far too generous, and, speaking as an occasional author, I have never published a book without feeling that on the whole I had been treated better than I deserved. And the joke of the thing is, that "Rita" does not think reviews help a book. Then why all her pother? Reviews, both good and bad, do help books, and I have never yet met a publisher or an author who requested that his books should not be reviewed. When Miss Corelli announced that "No copies of this book have been issued to the Press," that was only a negative way of "asking for it."

**Was Keats Reviewed to Death?**

Talking of malignant reviewing, one is always reminded of the case of Keats, that "fiery particle killed by an article." You remember Byron's rhyme:

> Who kill'd John Keats?
> "I," says the *Quarterly*,
> So savage and Tartarly;
> "'Twas one of my feats."

But there was a great deal of nonsense about this, and Byron himself did not believe that any author with a "stalk of carl-hemp" in him would have suffered his light to be quenched by even so vicious an attack as that which, to its everlasting disgrace, the *Quarterly* made on the work of one of our divinest

poets. These were the bad old days of blackguardly criticism, and we must bear in mind that Keats had already been subjected to a brutal handling by the *Edinburgh*, and lived for two years and a half after his memorable "slating." Let the creed of the wise author be: "Reviews, reviews, and yet more reviews; good and bad; the more the merrier!"

**Queries for Mr. Hall Caine**

I am not going to review Mr. Hall Caine's latest book, "The Prodigal Son," which I have read with deep interest, and reviewed elsewhere. My business here is to gossip about books. But several points arising out of my reading I wish to advance, and (*pace* "Rita") they are all concerned with what may be thought trivialities. First, does Mr. Caine know what is meant by "Dead Sea Fruit"? He makes one of his characters, a cultured man, talk about its being "piled on their backs." Now the phrase means: apples that are fair to the eyes "but turn to ashes on the lips." They are not heavy, but rather hollow, mockeries. Therefore, Mr. Caine's metaphor is distinctly unhappy. Will Mr. Caine object if I say that such a phrase as "Hans became a water-carrier and a drunkard" is extremely comic, though it is seriously meant? It reminds me of a note in a recent issue of a Scottish paper: "He was a young man of most exemplary walk, and a tenor singer in the Free Church choir." Does Mr. Caine need to tell me that a father, whose paternal love has turned to gall, could wind up two actual interviews with his two sons in such passionless words as these?—"You have deceived and disappointed me, Oscar. I thought I had one son who was an intelligent man and a gentleman, not a forger and a fool. But it is of no use to prolong a painful interview. You may go." Does he suggest that one may, any evening in Piccadilly, pass "through noisy throngs of people—young women smoking cigarettes"? Is a man with a damaged spine a likely person to open a grave? Can anybody open graves in Iceland? Is half-an-hour sufficient to prepare a public address of welcome in Iceland? And is it likely that a man's mother and brother would be the last to recognise him after fifteen years' absence, when others not related to him have readily guessed his identity?

*Photo by* *Gunn and Stuart*

**Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P.**

Whose new novel, "Smalilou," has been issued this autumn

**Too Much Omar**

An able editor asked me if I knew where the poetical quotations with which Mr. Hall Caine has garnished his book were taken from? Perhaps he had just himself discovered their source. If so, lucky man to be fresh in the friendship of Omar. I had read them all, perhaps a hundred times before, and I confess I am growing rather tired of finding quatrains from the "Rubáiyát" in every other new novel that comes to hand. Mr. Caine uses nine of them, which is a large order, after which, perhaps, our novelists will give Omar a rest. It is a pleasant fashion, this of heading your chapters with apt quotations from other writers. Scott was much addicted to it, and when he did not find some lines to suit his case, he wrote them himself, and acknowledged them to "An Old Song." I have sometimes suspected Mr. Kipling of this.

**Mr. J. H. Yoxall: M.P. and Novelist**

I never saw the idea of appropriate quotation carried so far as in that most admirable novel by Mr. Yoxall, "The Rommany Stone." I seem to remember a solid page of citations from multitudinous writers to each of his chapters. Among recent books that I have read is another novel by this increasingly popular author. It is entitled "Smalilou," and introduces us again to the gipsy folk, but of a past generation, the narrative form of the story being, I think, a new departure for Mr. Yoxall. It is most praiseworthy work, sincere, cultured. Mr. Yoxall, who is the general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, has been one of the Members for Nottingham since 1896, and I had a hand in his first election, as I was editor of the local daily at the time, and used to dip my pen in his cause. Long before he took to novel-writing, he wrote two capital boys' books, one of which, "The Lonely Pyramid," I read with as much pleasure as any boy.

**Miss Betham-Edwards**

Several times I have had occasion to allude to the valuable work of Miss Betham-Edwards, the most notable of all the English writers who have made a special study of French topography and characteristics; Mr. Bodley's great work on the institutions of France being in quite another category. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I am able to give a recent portrait of this favourite authoress, who is at once a poet, a novelist, and a graphic descriptive writer. Miss Edwards now resides chiefly at Hastings, where she is within easy reach of her well-loved France. "Dr. Jacob" is, perhaps, the best known of her many novels, and "Kitty," written so long ago as 1872, was one of her earliest.

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

## MEDAL SCORES OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

**Improved Standard of Play**

When reviewing the history of the game in its various developments during the last thirty years, the student of the subject cannot but be struck by the amazing improvement in the standard of play as evidenced by the wonderful scores returned over various links all over the country, not by one player only but by many. When I started on my golfing pilgrimage, now nearly thirty years ago, *aevi grande spatium eheu*, scores of under 80 were extremely rare. To be sure, young Tommy Morris, by all accounts one of the most admirable golfers that ever lived, had done the St. Andrew's course in 77. But then he was an exceptional player, and his figures were regarded as quite unattainable by ordinary mortals. Players were quite content to reckon their score on the basis of an average of five per hole, reckoning that they were so much over or under that average.

**Medals for 90**

Medals at St. Andrew's in those days were won in scores of 90 and over, while the lucky individual who came in with a score anything under 90 felt considerably disappointed if the medal evaded his grasp. Leap over the intervening years, and tell me what chance any unhappy wight now has whose score approaches, not 90, but even 80? None whatever, you answer; and you are right. To have a chance of winning now, dear reader, your score must be nearer 70 than 80, as a glance at the returns printed in the golfing papers from week to week amply proves. We have, then, an improvement in the all-round standard of play of at least fifteen strokes. This is a prodigious advance. We all know that it is fairly easy to knock off five or six strokes, but when it comes to a matter of fifteen, the extra strokes to be knocked off present far greater difficulty than the first few. It is an inverse ratio; the fewer the strokes, the greater the difficulty. Any runner or rower will tell you the same tale. He finds it fairly easy to bring his record down by a second or so, or by fractions of a second, but when he attempts a still further reduction, the pinch enormously increases. To what, then, are we to attribute this extraordinary elevation in the standard of golf playing? Well, this is a question that cannot be answered in a simple way.

**Some Causes for Improvement**

The causes are so many and so varied. I will, however, attempt to indicate a few of the causes which, to my mind, have been the most potent factors in this astonishing advance. The most powerful cause is, undoubtedly, the improvement in golf courses. When I first played at St. Andrew's, the greens were very small, while there were no fixed teeing grounds, the rule being to tee up two or three club lengths beyond the green. The course, except on the occasions of the medal competitions, was pretty rough, and the labour on it was fitfully and spasmodically done by perhaps a couple of men. Contrast this state of things with the condition of the course at present, under Hamilton and his merry men. The greens are gigantic in comparison with the earlier ones, and the course throughout is tended with the same loving care as a running track.

**Larger Greens**

Just consider what a difference the size of a green makes in the ease of play. To pitch on to a small green and stay there is very difficult, while if you add to that difficulty the horror of rough and uneven ground all round that small oasis, you will readily understand how trying an ordeal a medal round was in those days. It makes one admire all the more intensely the splendid record of young Tommy, more especially when you throw into the balance the extreme narrowness of the course, guarded on either side by dense masses of whins. We may take then, as a principal cause of improvement, the care and attention lavished on modern courses, their vast greens, their smooth, fair way, and their built-up teeing grounds.

**Better Clubs and Balls**

The cause which comes next in importance is the improvement in clubs and balls. This is so obvious to any player, with even twenty years' experience, that I need not insist on it. The third cause is the vastly increased play of the modern golfer, and the immense number of courses on which he can practice from one end of the country to the other. His hand is always in, and his weapons are never rusty. The result of all these forces at work in the golfing world is, that to win a great scoring competition nowadays you must return at least one score under 70, anything over 78 putting you more or less out of the running. An average of fours is nothing now—how long must we wait for an average of threes? Like Napoleon, the modern golfer has no such word as "impossible" in his dictionary, so we may confidently look forward to scores of under 60.

Ernest Lehmann

# The Humours of the Road

*AS SEEN BY STARR WOOD*

**"Music is the poor man's Parnassus."**—EMERSON

# By Field, Stream & Covert.

**Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST**

**The First Week**

With the many packs that took the earliest opportunity of commencing the regular season the complaint of bad scent has been almost universal. It would need no scientist to account for this, as the drying winds, coming as they did after just enough rain to raise hopes of sport, made it unlikely that hounds could run. In consequence, the majority of the opening days proved failures as far as sport was concerned, though, to judge by the size of the fields which turned up at most of the fixtures, there has been but little justification for the gloomy prognostications on this head that recently appeared in a daily paper. In spite of the counter attractions of motoring and golf, which the writer of the paragraph referred to as certain to affect the general interest in fox-hunting, there appear to have been plenty of people who like to see hounds. Of the exceptional instances of good runs marking the opening day, the York and Ainsty may be mentioned; meeting at Ashfield they had capital sport in "the Ainsty" country. The Brocklesby, too, did very well from Welbeck Hill, killing five foxes, and being on the move all day.

**A Meet at Heythrop**

Though the opening day at Heythrop was, to some slight extent, clouded by the announcement that, unless rain fell, no subsequent fixtures would be kept, few packs entered on a season with better prospects than that over which Mr. Albert Brassey, assisted by his son-in-law, Captain Daly, presides. Needless to say, boundless hospitality is the rule at Heythrop, and there are plenty of foxes in the surrounding coverts. The country, as a whole, is not only good, but an interesting one to hunt in, as it possesses considerable variety. There are strong woodlands, charming vales, and, on the Gloucestershire side, some of the best stone-wall country to be found anywhere. It seems, however, that though the hounds have always been kept up to a high standard, and have been invariably hunted by good men, the Heythrop country presents considerable difficulties to huntsmen. Sturman, who came from the Whaddon Chase with an excellent record, appears to possess all the qualities for success, and has done far better than any of his predecessors since the illustrious Jem Hills; he is evidently the right man in the right place.

**The Hunt's Origin**

That the Heythrop Hunt was in reality but an offshoot of the Badminton establishment is still commemorated by the green coats worn by the hunt servants, and up to 1835 it was the usual practice of the then Duke of Beaufort to transfer the hounds from their home kennels to Heythrop in the middle of September, and hunt round Chipping Norton for six weeks; about the middle of February a return visit to Heythrop was paid; and in April the Duke would once more revert to Badminton, there to conclude the season with a May fox. Though Jem Hills came to the Heythrop from the V.W.H, he had whipped in to the celebrated Badminton huntsman, Will Long, and thus knew the Heythrop country intimately. It was to this knowledge that he owed his instantaneous success, for his was the system of galloping his hounds to points, relying on his own intelligence rather than on his charges' hunting powers. In more modern days, Bob Ward reduced the system to a fine art in the Hertfordshire country. Thanks mainly to the pen of "The Druid," the Heythrop Hunt and Jem Hills have immortality, and the glorious traditions are assuredly more than maintained under the present *régime*.

The Heythrop Hounds: Heythrop House on a hunting morning

**The Heythrop Hounds**

Captain Daly, Deputy Master of the Heythrop, and Sturman, the huntsman, at the opening meet

**The Old Berkshire**

Like their neighbours, the Heythrop, the Old Berkshire Hounds owe their existence as a separate entity to the limitations set by a great nobleman upon his sphere of activity. Lying as it does between Berkeley and London, the Old Berkshire country was naturally included in the territory of the lords of the former place. In 1828 Lord Kintore was making the country famous, though he also hunted most of the V.W.H. domain as well; he had three kennels, hunted five days a week, and kept over a hundred couples of hounds. Later, the kennels for the country, as it is now hunted, were established at Tubney, and though subsequently they were removed to Kingston Bagpuize, the never-failing appointment of Tubney Tree for the opening meet still keeps green the memory of the old days. Situated in a thoroughly sporting neighbourhood, the country has always had a good hound man at its head, and the present Master, Mr. C. B. E. Wright, is

**A Meet of the Heythrop Hounds at Chipping Norton Junction**

Opening Meet of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds at Tubney House, belonging to Mr. J. F. Parsons

generally considered to be one of the finest judges in the United Kingdom. The hounds are quite first rate, and, though unknown to Peterborough enthusiasts, would certainly not disgrace themselves if sent to compete.

Mr. C. B. E. Wright
Master of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds, and one of the finest judges of hounds in the country

**The Country** Without being exactly fashionable, the Old Berkshire, when in their vale, on Mondays and frequently Fridays, are sure to attract a numerous and well-mounted field. Travellers on the Great Western Railway will remember that between Didcot and Swindon lies a level tract, almost entirely composed of old pasture, beneath the downs that rise to the south of the line. A little to the north, there is a good deal of undulating arable land, so that the vale is in reality rather narrow; but foxes, luckily, are well preserved in all the low-lying coverts, and do not seek the hills as readily as one might expect On the Oxford side are certain grim woodlands, and the central, or Tubney district, is by no means open. On the north-west, towards Witney, the soil is largely under the plough, but one can gallop and jump to their heart's content, while the coverts are not very large, with the exception of Buscot and Tar Wood. The latter covert is neutral with the Heythrop, and was the starting point of the great run, celebrated in verse by Egerton Warburton, of Christmas Eve, 1845.

**Sport in Ireland** As on this side of the Channel, many of the opening meets in Ireland were marred by an insufficiency of scent. The Kilkenny commenced with a fair day in the heart of their country, and the Louth, after a disappointing morning, had two nice gallops, though in neither case did blood result. The Kildare, more orthodox than most Irish packs, reserved their first day till November 1, when a

Opening Meet of the Old Berkshire Foxhounds: A Kill

larger field than usual assembled at the time-honoured trysting place, Johnstown Inn. Kerdiffstown supplied several foxes, of which the selected one escaped, and then hounds hunted a Palmerstown fox to Bishopscourt, and at an improved pace to Johnstown Kennedy. The day concluded with a capital run of an hour, about a five-mile point, from Cullen's Wood by Pigeon's Hill, round which the fox ran, before finally beating hounds at Athgoe. The Meath hounds did little at Dunsany, when they met there, until late in the day, when Trotter's Gorse furnished a good fox that was lost after leading hounds over a charming line, and fast, for fifty minutes. Since then they have had good days from Oldcastle, and Meadstown Cross-roads, the latter day being marked by a fine run of seventy-five minutes from Rathmore to Mooneystown, where hounds ran into their fox handsomely.

**An Irish Sportsman**

The death of Colonel John Henry Graham Holroyd-Smyth will be deeply regretted, not only in the counties of Waterford and Cork, where his sporting energies were concentrated, but throughout the whole of Ireland. Born in 1847, Colonel Holroyd-Smyth married, in 1872, Lady Harriet Moore-Smyth, daughter of the third Earl of Mountcashel, who inherited the estate

Opening Meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate

**Mr. Holme's party counting the "pick-up" after a drive**

This fine mixed bag contained grouse, black game, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, snipe, golden plover, duck, hares, rabbits, and pigeons, a bag which, in its variety, forms almost a record for an ordinary day's shooting

of Ballynatray, the residence of a long line of hunters. Animated by the sporting traditions of the place, Colonel Holroyd-Smyth, in 1892, determined to establish a pack of foxhounds, and, with his son, barely out of his teens, as huntsman, the new venture was enthusiastically welcomed by the whole countryside. Under the style of the C.C.H., which, being interpreted, signifies the Coshmore and Coshbride Hunt, the pack has now joined the ranks of recognised Irish institutions, and Captain Rowland Holroyd-Smyth is sure to follow in his father's footsteps, indeed, he has already done so by gaining the good wishes and esteem of all. Since his return from the South African War, the

Col. Brown Col. Sir Henry Dixon Mr. L. Willoughby

Sir John Hume Campbell, M.F.H. Hay of Duns Castle Mr. Holme Master Pat Holme Captain R. Machell

*Photos by* *Willoughby*

**The guns of Mr. Holme's October shoot at Rathburne Moor, Berwickshire**

late Master of the C.C.H. had been much impaired in health, and his demise occasioned but little surprise to a large circle of sorrowing friends.

**Kirby Gate**

It was unfortunate that the weather was not more propitious for the opening day of the season with the Quorn, on the 7th, at Kirby Gate. The fixture is much affected by holiday-makers, and, though no regular Leicestershire hunting man would dream of missing it, the day rarely produces real sport. On this occasion, however, hounds ran very nicely over a charming country, and invaded Cottesmore territory. Finding a nice lot of foxes at Gartree Hill, Bishopp had his pack out of covert quickly, and, after a sharp burst, killed fox number one near Little Dalby. A second visit to Gartree Hill produced another gallop in the afternoon, though before returning to the noted stronghold, hounds had put in a very useful gallop over the Burton Flats, and ending with blood. Later in the day, another pleasant hunt was enjoyed from Sir Francis Burdett's covert, by Thorpe Trussels and Ashby Pastures. Altogether, two brace of foxes were killed during the day, which was generally voted distinctly above the avera[illegible].

## Shooting

**Shooting in the Lammermuirs**

Grouse shooting in Berwickshire has, this season, been, if anything, rather under than over the average, as regards the bags made. Why this should be so is hard to say, for the breeding season was favourable, there was no disease, and the birds killed have all been in fine condition. The October shoot on Mr. C. Holme's (of Rathburne) moor, near to Duns, took place last week; the guns, in addition to Mr. Holme, being Sir John Hume Campbell, M.F.H., Col. Sir Henry Dixon, Hay of Duns Castle, Col. Brown, Captain R. Machell, Sheriff Dundass, and Mr. Leonard Willoughby. On this moor the birds give the most sporting shots, as they come at all angles, and take some hitting. It adjoins that of the Duke

*Photo by* *Willoughby*

**Grouse Shooting in a wooden butt**

Captain Machell in the Lammermuirs

of Roxburghe, and is about 5,000 acres in extent, lying in the heart of the romantic Lammermuirs. The scenery is very fine in parts, but wild; but as an all-round sporting moor, though the bags cannot compare with those of Mr. Rimington Wilson, of Broomhead — who obtained 1,375½ brace of grouse in one day—still, in one respect, they surpass them and most others in the extraordinary diversity of the game obtained. Mr. Holme's party, in addition to getting a good number of grouse, obtained also black game, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, snipe, golden plover, duck, hares, rabbits, and pigeons—and all these in an ordinary day's shoot. The butts are built of wood, and these, in winter, are somewhat cold to stand in, but during this October the sun was as powerful as in August. The final shoot takes place early in December, when the ground will probably be deep in snow. But so admirably are the drives managed, so varied the bag, that the cold is a secondary consideration. Mr. Holme's moor is an ideal one, for it contains the cream of all shooting, viz., good mixed bags of every description

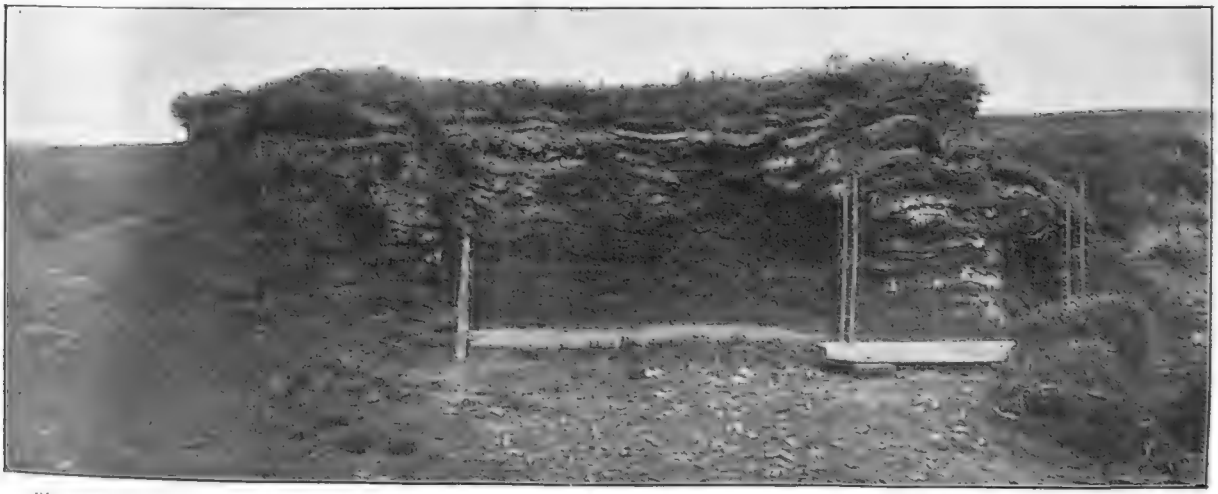


*Photo by* *Willoughby*

**A Yorkshire turf butt on Mr. Rimington Wilson's moor, at Broomhead**

At this spot the world's record bag of 1,375½ brace of grouse was obtained in one day

*Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.*

*The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.*

*Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can advertise their requirements in these pages. All applications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.*

**The British Motor Trade**

In pleasing contrast to the Daimler Company and M.M.C. reports, is the success of the Hozier Engineering Company, of Glasgow. These Scotch manufacturers, who are responsible for the production of the popular Argyll, have declared a dividend at the rate of 50 per cent. for the six months ending September 30 last, and this, with the interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum paid for the previous six months, makes the return for the year 35 per cent. This record of the Hozier Company shows that they, at any rate, have little to fear from foreign competition. Coupled with the announcement that the Napier output has increased 100 per cent., it, to some extent, disposes of the current rumour that the English motor trade is suffering from stagnation.

**The Marquis De Dion, the well-known motor expert**

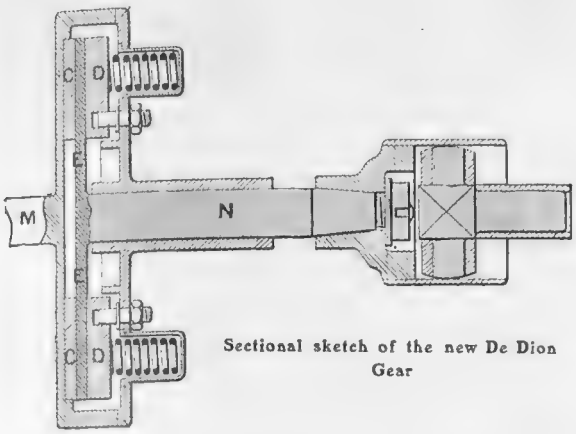
The Marquis, who is seen facing the camera, is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and in the recent riot in that Chamber rendered timely assistance to the unfortunate Syveton, who was in danger of being rent limb from limb

**Business in Paris**

In respect to motors, Paris, the hub of the industry, is at present a little off colour. I hear that several of the big firms are inclined to suffer from over-production. A big remainder of some of the 1904 types of popular makes are being offered at a reduction, and many of the French agents are not satisfied with their year's trading. Business generally, of course, has been bad, and there is no reason for expecting that those who deal with products which are luxuries should be exempt from the prevailing tendency.

**Continental Over-production**

In the probable over-production of the Continental firms lies, however, a future danger to our English manufacturers. Many well-established French makers possess big plants, and are in a position to standardise a type and produce it in larger numbers, and at a lower price, than the majority of our English factories can at present hope to do. Our manufacturers have always, of course, had to cope with foreign competition, but never of a cut-throat nature. Should the French market of 1905 be seriously over-supplied, a big surplus will inevitably come here. The English market might be seriously affected, and unless a protective duty is put on, some of our smaller manufacturers who have just started would have to go to the wall. I should be, I believe, a humble follower of the Prime Minister had I but the wit to understand his policy. Lacking the requisite grip of the fiscal subject, I will avoid a Protectionist discussion, and content myself with the suggestion that a new industry stands apart and requires separate treatment.




Sectional sketch of the new De Dion Gear

**A Result of the Red Flag Nonsense**

Parliament in the past stopped our engineering firms from starting at the same time as our Continental competitors. This leeway has not yet been made up. Now, if our Legislature, by foolish repressive measures, actually stops an industry from being carried on, it surely owes some reparation to that industry, even when it tardily gives permission to commence operations. Looked at in this way, both Free Traders and Protectionists will, I think, admit that Parliament should endeavour to remedy an injury which stupid legislation has, in the past, inflicted on an industry with enormous capabilities. Our motor manufacturers should be granted a special tariff protection for a limited number of years.

### A De Dion Improvement

In a previous issue I mentioned that the well-known system of De Dion friction cones was giving place to a new method on all their new season's cars, except the 6 h.-p. Their new clutch is such an interesting feature that I have found space in these columns for a diagram and two photographs. The shaft N from the gear-box does not end, as in most cars, with a metal cone clutch faced with leather, but in a metal plate, E, which is placed between plates C and D, these latter plates being fixed to the projecting end of the motor crank shaft, M. Compared with the ordinary type of clutch, it will be seen, therefore, that plate E is the equivalent of the male portion, and plates C and D are in place of the female portion of the clutch. I will not trouble my readers with a lengthy description of the methods employed to bring and keep these two surfaces in contact, but will content myself by saying that when the two plates C and D grip plate E the drive is in, and *vice versâ*.

The De Dion Clutch, with the cover off

**An Easy Clutch**

This new gear of the De Dion Bouton Company is a radical departure from ordinary types. It is constructed entirely of metal, containing nothing which can be fired by friction, and can be slipped as much as the driver likes. Graphite, which, by an ingenious arrangement, is inserted between the plates, keeps them permanently lubricated, and the current of air, which the revolutions of the clutch produce in its interior, keep down the heat caused by friction. The amount of surface in contact is so large—both sides of the plate E are used equally—that the application of the drive takes place with great sweetness. Finally, and this is, to my mind, a great point, the weight of plate E is so small that there is no heavy male cone in movement when you draw your clutch to change your gears. Consequently, there is no chance of chipping or damaging the gears.

**Some Motor Forecasts**

If there has been any particular feature of this fast-departing year, it has, perhaps, been the cheapening and the improving of the one-cylinder runabout. Even in a season full of incident and progress, the light-car trials at Hereford stand out; they proved the value, reliability, and the spendid progress of this type. In endeavouring to forecast the developments of next year, I am inclined to think that it promises to be remarkable for a cheaper, lighter four-cylinder car. The increased ease of running, the quietness and nice balance of a four-cylinder engine are attractive features. The motorist likes the demon inside the bonnet to tick like an eight-day clock or purr like a dynamo. If, too, they are kept down in power, the *chassis* and gears as applied to the present two-cylinder types are all that is required. In fact, spreading out the power over four cylinders and getting double the number of explosions per revolution, while decreasing the force of each explosion, puts a steadier strain on all parts of the *chassis*. The weight of, say, a 10 h.-p. four-cylinder car would be very little more than that of a two-cylinder of equal power, with the proviso that the power really does remain the same. The extra cost then of such a four-cylinder car, compared with its two-cylinder brother, is only the

The cover to the De Dion Clutch

increased cost of the engine, say, at a rough estimate, £60. Remembering that a four-cylinder engine is so immeasurably superior to a one or two-cylinder engine of equal power, its final victory seems assured, and, I think, next season will see it triumphant.

**Motor Prosecution Dismissed**

A correspondent, Mr. John R. Grey, forwards me particulars of a recent case which he successfully contested. He was charged with driving over a measured furlong near Darrington in 17¼ secs., which worked out at about twenty-seven miles per hour. From a newspaper report of the case I have extracted three points which are worth attention: first, it transpired that the police had been hanging round their precious trap for over two hours, and until the defendant's motor appeared upon the scene, only one other car had passed by; secondly, Mr. Grey was warned whilst actually covering the furlong by a friendly driver of a covered van—he pulled up, thanked the man, proceeded cautiously, and yet, it was alleged, averaged twenty-seven miles per hour; thirdly, the stop-watches used by the police were produced in court, they were both of inferior make, and, when tested together, gave different results—one was a cheap bargain, bought by the constable's wife at a pawnbroker's shop! What a charming picture of police methods these three facts present. The two policemen are tired of waiting, and are annoyed at no cars passing over their measured furlong. A motorist does eventually traverse the distance, and so anxious are they to bag something that they go perilously near perjury. Mark, too, the result of the case: the magistrates dismiss the case "without comment." The innocent motorist loses his time, and has to pay his lawyer and railway fares—the out-of-pocket expenses in this case were £15—while the police are free to repeat the performance the next day.

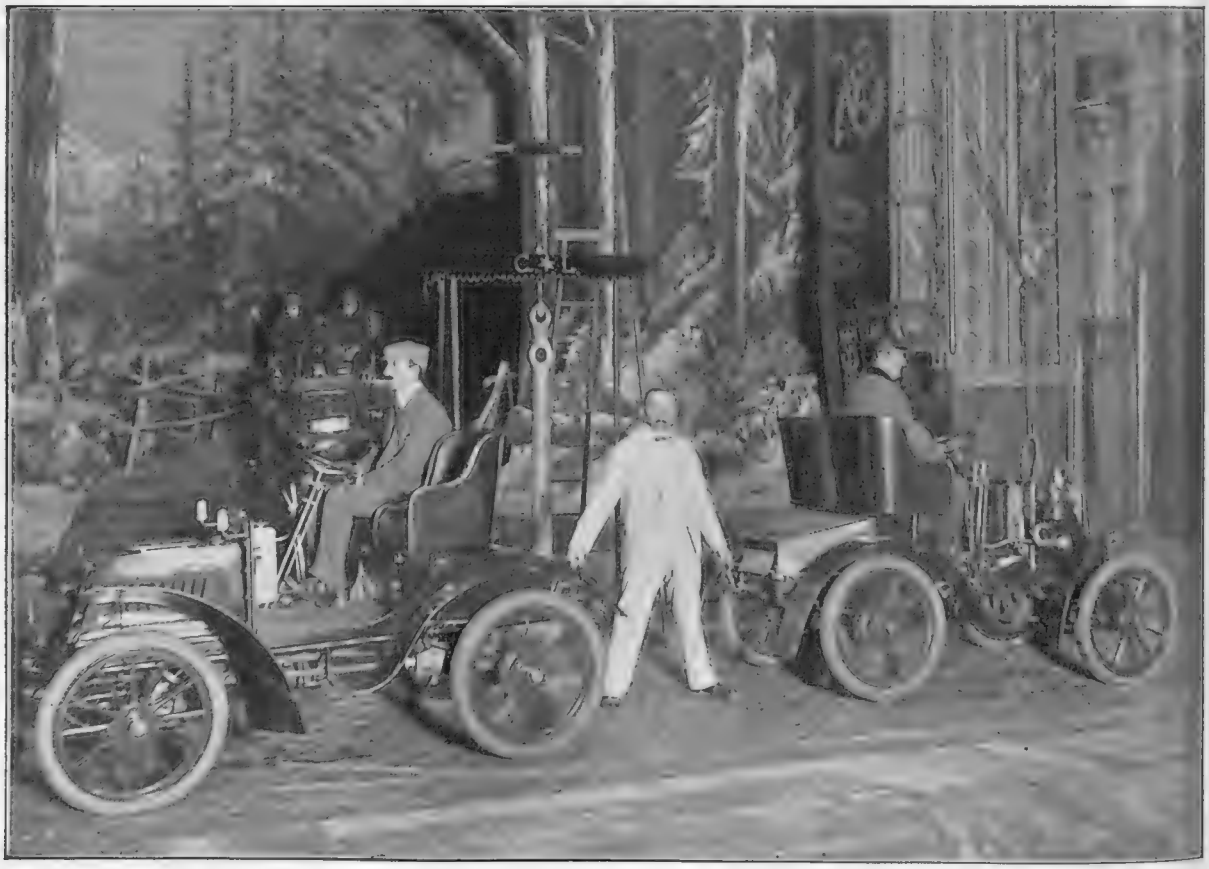
**Silent J.P.'s**

This case was heard at the West Riding Petty Sessions, and the names of the Justices of the Peace, who thought fit to dismiss the case without comment, are Mr. W. F. Tempest (chairman), Mr. F. S. Hatchard, Mr. W. Bagley, and Mr. J. Waller. When such police methods are prevalent, and as long as our Justices of the Peace tolerate in silence such police methods, motorists must warn one another. I again appeal to my readers to send me particulars of any traps they know of.

DON'T HUSTLE

Approaching Steyning (Horsham-Brighton road).
On the Clifton Drive, St. Anne's.
In St. James's Park.
In the Green Park.
Between Dunchurch and Knightlow Hill, near Coventry (an Etonian, who sends me this information, says that three weeks ago the Rugby bench made a big haul, the fines totalling £70.)

Alfred C. Hunter



**An extraordinary motoring turn at the Hippodrome**

Herr George Lettl, the latest "strong man," gets between two 8½ h.-p. cars, which are both started off at top speed in opposite directions, and by sheer strength he holds them both so that they cannot move

# FOOTBALL NOTES: AN ENGLISH TEAM IN PARIS

*Photo by* *Tresca*

**The Old Leysians *v.* Stade Français, in Paris**

**Cambridge *v.* Racing Club of Paris**

The good feeling that exists between French and English sportsmen grows stronger every year, and we are glad to see that this feeling is being helped forward by the English and French Rugby Football clubs who are visiting each other in their own respective countries. The recent visit from the Racing Club of Paris to Cambridge University was rather a surprise to followers of the game, as it resulted in a well-earned victory to the French champions. The improvement in the play of the French forwards since their last visit was very marked, though their halves and backs did not support them as well as might have been, but on the whole the men worked extremely well together, and we can only say that the hard-won victory was played for and thoroughly deserved. Scores: Racing Club, two tries (6 points); Cambridge, placed goal (5 points).

**Old Leysians in France**

We publish this week a photograph of the Old Leysians, who have just returned from a very successful visit to Paris, resulting in a victory over the Stade Français. The English visitors in France have beaten the French team in their own country. Though the game was won by such a number of points, it was by no means an easy victory for the visitors, every point being well-contested by the home team, but the good combination game played by the Englishmen was successful in bringing off the match by 21 points to 5 points.

*Photo by* *Follett*

**The Oxford University "Fresher" Sports: W. E. Schutt, of Cornell, U.S.A., a Rhodes scholar, who won the half-mile easily in 2 min. 4 3-5th sec.**

A writer in a recent number of the *Oxford Point of View* is inclined to think that the introduction of the Rhodes scholars will have little effect upon the "'Varsity." If this be so, then Oxford men must have lost all pride in athletic prowess, for the Rhodes men made a show in the "Fresher" Sports which should go far towards shaming Oxford out of its apathy

# At the Shaftesbury Theatre

## "THE FLUTE OF PAN"

### By John Oliver Hobbes

The subjects of a Stage Petty Principality compel our pity. The conduct of their rulers at Court is so wild, inconsistent, and capricious, that one can but faintly imagine the sufferings of a people so ill-governed. That brilliant lady novelist, John Oliver Hobbes, has attempted to tell a human love story by setting it in one of the most stagey Principalities that ever distressed an audience with the tedious business of Punctilio. The human love story commenced well, and then got hopelessly stifled by the arid atmosphere of Court.

Miss Annie Hughes

(Countess Bertha Rixensart, Princess Margaret's cousin)

Tired of following its pathetic meanderings, one turned to the pageantry of the Court; wearied of that, one's thoughts went out to the unhappy state of the people of Siguria—the latest and most impossible realm of a playwright's fancy.

#### A Reedy Note

The value of a play may not unfairly be determined by the breadth of treatment with which it lends itself for review. Little plays deserve little treatment. *The Flute of Pan* strikes such a reedy note that the effect of it is to conjure up in the listener a mean and niggling spirit.

The story of the play, as I have intimated, commenced well—we had not yet been introduced to that Principality—and petered out. It was as though the god Pan drew a joyful blast from his flute, and then, from sheer lack of breath, ended his note in a melancholy wail.

The hero of this human love story (advance paragraphs insisted upon the "real love passages between real people") is an artist—Boris, Earl of Feldershey. When first we come upon him, he is tastefully garbed in a blue smock-frock, concluding a lecture on "Modern Art" to a select circle of students. The lecture over, he proposes a two-step, apparently as a relaxation from the severe strain of the lecture. Before taking leave of them, he expresses the hope that they will join his class next term.

#### The Human Interest

But the dramatist has another destiny in store for the Painter. There flashes in upon the bareness of the studio a beautifully-dressed Princess of Siguria. These petty Principalities! What leisure they afford their rulers for gadding about. The Princess is on her travels for little apparent reason beyond the fact that her subjects are in a state of disorder. She has failed in her purpose of impressing them with the dominion of a woman ruler. Not to put too fine a point on it, she is on the look out for a man to take over the reins of government. The man she has in her eye is, of course, Boris. The relations between them dated from childhood's days. Then he grew old enough to fight, and she, old enough to appreciate the advantages of having a man to fight for her. Boris did his duty as a man by fighting for the Princess, and then by offering her his heart.

Mr. C. W. Somerset

(Prince Adolf of Nymwegen, Grand Chamberlain of Siguria)

The latter she spurned in the gentlest way she knew. These romantic events took place five years previous to the *rencontre* at the studio, to which he had retired after his disappointment.

The situation can be imagined. A feminine Royal Highness bent on matrimony for the sake of her country, and an old lover bent on refusing her for the sake of himself.

#### Olga Nethersole's Opportunities

The scene between them is written in the best vein of comedy. Miss Olga Nethersole had the opportunities of displaying nearly every winning quality a woman possesses before she achieved her delicate mission. She was by turns arch, impulsive, imploring. She made the only bargain possible to one in her position. She dissembled her love, and made a contract which had no side issue but the frankly politic. How actually to put the proposition became the difficulty. The actual words, "Oh, sir, will you marry me?" were

Mr. C. W. Somerset
(Prince Adolf is relieved from the cares of office)

avoided in a subtle manner by a battery of suggestions skilfully masked. The capitulation of Boris was achieved, and the Princess, with the most approved stage tactics, laid a hidden mine, which was timed to burst during the second act, so as to give the piece an impetus when the interest of affairs began to dwindle.

### A Futile Complication

By a device which will be included in "Elementary Lessons in Play-writing intended for the use of Standard IV."—when that great work comes to be written—the playwright brings about an interview between the Princess and the Painter's friend. This little complication helped to keep the course of true love from running smooth. When it failed, the playwright, executing a *volte face*, brought about an apparent understanding between the Painter (now the husband of the Princess) and the flighty lady with whom the Painter's friend had been carrying on.

Both little misunderstandings between the Royal couple were such as a word might have cleared away. Dramatically, they were quite ineffective, and yet they had to represent the human interest of the story during two whole acts (the second and third), which positively blazed with the splendour of Court life.

The first act was all wedding, and the second all abdication. It seems incredible that the people of Siguria should be treated so badly. But, in order to advance the interests of the love story, the Princess was positively made to abdicate!

Miss Olga Nethersole
(Princess Margaret of Siguria)

### The Novel and the Stage

This abdication scene might be used as an illustration of those widely differing mediums, the novel and the stage. I am prepared to state, on no other authority than previous experience of Mrs. Craigie's works, that *The Flute of Pan*, when it appears in book form, will be a charming love story, and that the Court will prove a very effective background.

On the stage, however, the *mise-en-scène* of the Court is so cumbrous that, except it be employed comedy-wise, in order to be ridiculed, or that it be the setting of a very powerful play—it fails in its effect.

The abdication scene contained not one pennyworth of dramatic effect. At intervals during the progress of the pageantry, there was a little fiend to whisper in one's ear, "Why did she abdicate?"

### Some Unsatisfied, though Natural, Expectations

Of course, the playwright gave a sentimental reason for this course on the part of her heroine. But from the point of drama it was insufficient. The whole scene evoked but a mild impersonal interest. Now and again the attention was caught by the possibility of some hitch in the ceremony. There was an element of fascination to be derived in watching the difficult evolutions of a crowd of gorgeous, but inharmoniously garbed, Court ladies. Would they trip over their trains?

Then, again, there were several very difficult points of ceremonial connected with the celebration. Would the Archbishop's mitre slip over his eye? or the Grand Chamberlain stumble in the wording of the Act of Abdication?

This is a small way of looking at the ceremony, but it did not inspire gravity any more than the Lord Mayor's Show swells our breast with the realisation of civic greatness.

### Concerning the Players

Miss Olga Nethersole went through the two ceremonies—the wedding and the abdication—with the most praiseworthy attention to detail She took the chances given to her in Act I.

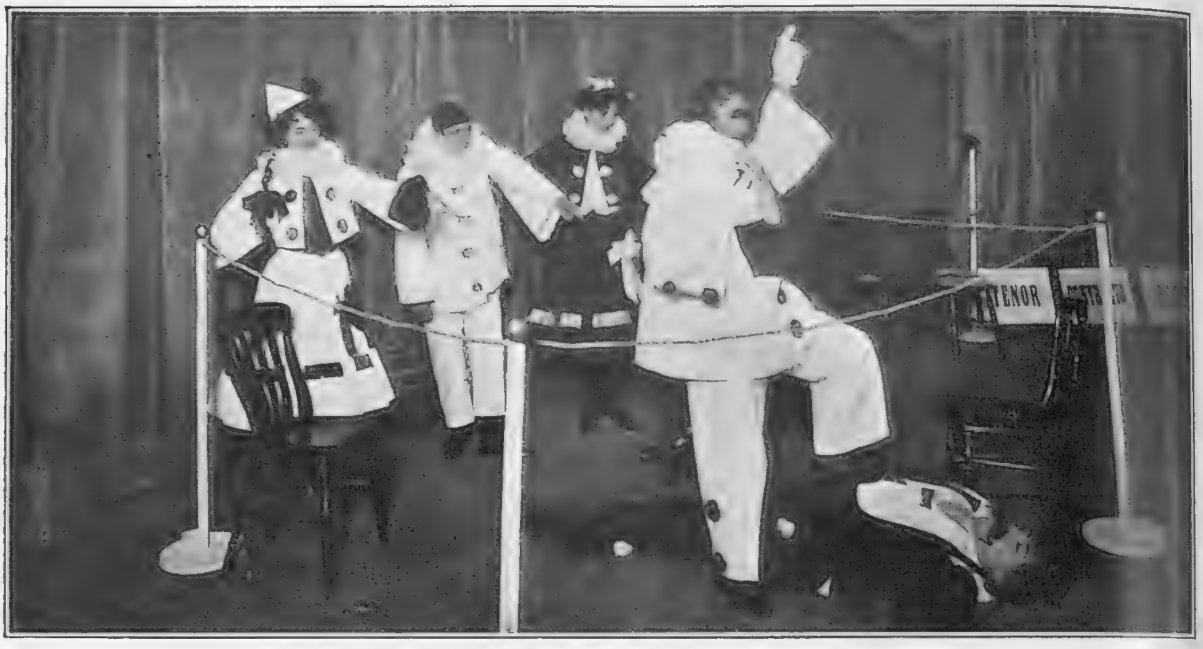
Mr. Herbert Waring also was a model of correctness. He wore his blouse and his uniform as if used to both. Beyond this it is impossible to go, for the character was wooden in the extreme.

Miss Annie Hughes had a *rôle* which enabled her to inflect her voice, deflect her gait, and raise her eyebrows in her most approved *Country Mouse* style. She is a most accomplished *comedienne*, but either the public or the playwrights, or both, conspire to make her keep to a line which is familiar.

Neither Mr. C. W. Somerset nor Miss Kate Phillips were well suited. The former ambled about in a character which left little impression beyond one of bodily infirmity. The latter had to suffer, as best she might, the love confidences of the Princess, which, if given to her husband, Boris, would have cleared up the misunderstanding between them long before the appointed time. E. C. S.

Mr. Herbert Waring
(Boris, Earl of Feldershey, Princess Margaret's artist lover)

# "The Follies" in their new Burlesque at the "Palace" Theatre




**A singing contest in a roped ring ends in the tenor achieving a knock-out**

The triumphant tenor's terrific top trill did the business in the third round

*Photos by* *Campbell-Gray*

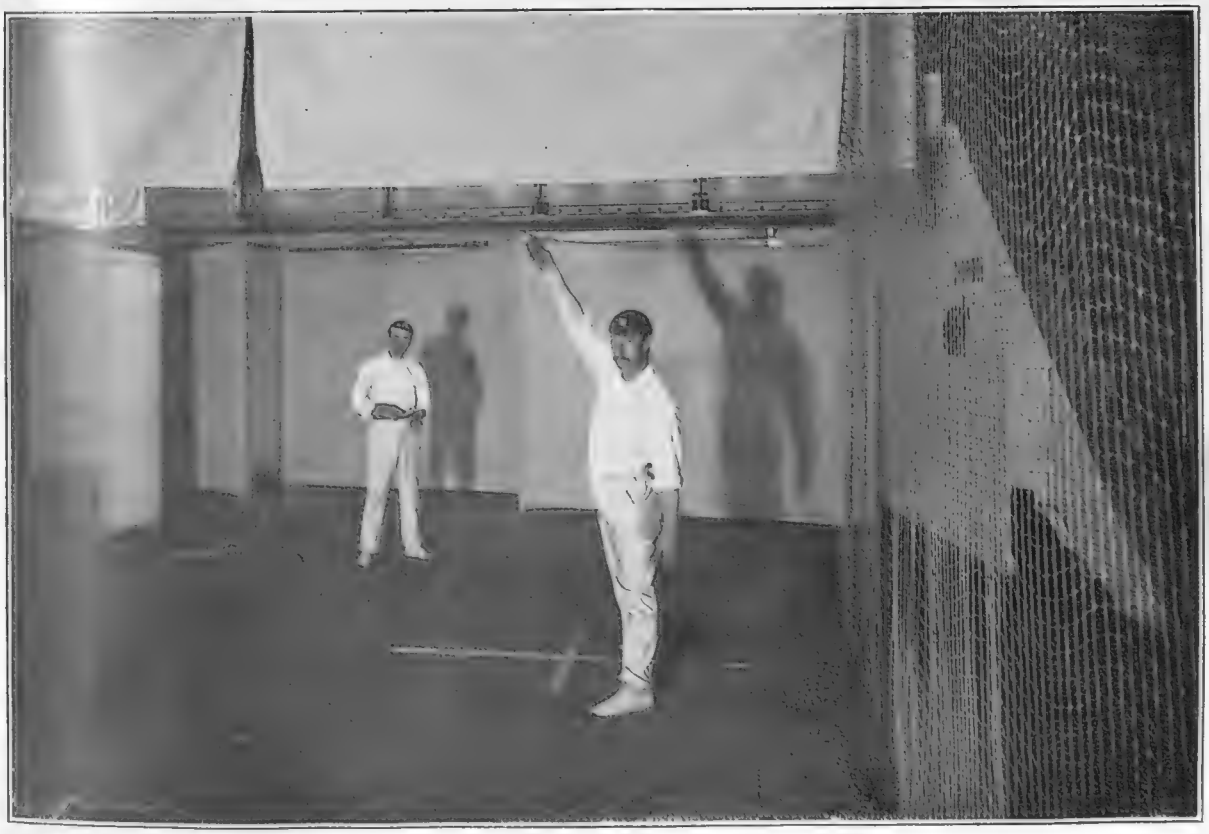
**An amusing burlesque on a cantata**

The new burlesque of "The Follies" is causing great amusement at the Palace. The cantata is entitled "The Pride of Peckham," and is of the happy-go-lucky order which admits of topical songs, and interludes of all sorts, sandwiched among the serious business of part-singing

# Getting into Form for Next Season

## INDOOR CRICKET AT ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE

Tarrant batting



*Photos by* *Clarke and Hyde*

A. E. Trott bowling

# FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

A leading weekly contemporary is concerned, albeit somewhat intermittently, in proving the economical possibilities of clothes. Now, this is an admirable text, and we have read with deepest interest, Ambrosine and I, the expounding thereof; and—well! we are not convinced. We would not attempt to disprove for a moment that an accordion-pleated nun's veiling teagown is procurable at 35*s.* 6*d.*; we know only too well that it is, but, frankly speaking, we do not want it. We have honestly endeavoured to do so, because we liked the price; but the article itself, to our taste—which is really only quite reasonably fastidious—lacked every desirable virtue. As may be readily imagined, material is skimped in every direction and the effect of that persuasively written-up teagown is of a garment emanating from the ark of historic Noah. Better far would have been a simple style fashioned in full plain folds, or fitted, as is the latest vogue, at the back and sides, which could easily have been brought out at the same figure.

**A chic visiting gown of velvet and fur**
*(Sketched at Harrod's by Edith Peirce)*

### The Male Instinct at Fault

Now, it is only after some years of interested study and close investigation, am I prepared to vouch for the fact, that nine times out of ten the cheap garment is rendered impossible through having been designed by a man. What the mercantile world requires, in this respect, is more women in it. The male instinct is very rare indeed, that can feel clothes from a woman's aspect; and yet men, practically speaking, wield the power everywhere, though I think I may say that, without exception, where a woman is entrusted with the buying, the establishment to which she belongs stands forth a landmark of elegance and distinction.

### Some Little Things of Dress

If a lull can ever be said to occur, in the insatiable demands of fair femininity, it is now. For the moment—a very transitory episode—the majority of us are supplied with the more important matters of costumes, coats, wraps, etc., and are perforce compelled to exhaust our energies in an unbridled enjoyment of the details of dress. Now this, when you come to consider, is really a very fortuitous interlude, since these small things are the little more that mean so much.

Almost without exception, it is to be observed, has the unbecoming, hard, white, turn-over collar given place to softer and more womanly affairs of embroidered crash or hand-drawn Irish linen. Fulfilling, as these do most successfully, all the requisites of a neat, somewhat severe, aspect, it seems to us there can be no moment's hesitation in declaring a preference in their favour, before those of hard, uncompromising white linen. The hand-drawn linen quality, referred to above, ask a very special consideration. They are quite the prettiest of the many fancy varieties, and merely ask the completion of a deftly-knotted crêpe-de-Chine cravat, to prove themselves quite irresistible.

The crêpe-de-Chine cravat, by the way, stands in the first vanguard of fashionable favour, and mentally contemplating the amazing choice of colour, kind, and quality offered, we are in the mood to help justify an indulgent outlay. Laid, or rather hung, out in tempting array, as is the case at two or three of the leading houses, such, for example, as Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's—where a whole department is given over to "the little things of dress"—one is embarrassed by the wealth of selection, a condition

The Bystander, November 16, 1904

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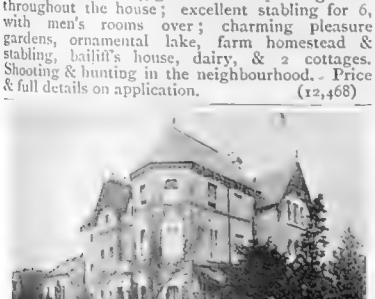

**BECKENHAM** (within half-an-hour of the City).—To be SOLD, the long Lease of this attractive FAMILY RESIDENCE, containing: billiard & 3 reception rooms, large lounge, which could be used as a ballroom, 13 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 5, with rooms over; well laid-out grounds; tennis lawn; kitchen garden, &c. Co.'s water; electric light; perfect drainage; recent decoration. Full details on application. (12,210)

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**WEST SUSSEX.**—To be LET, Furnished for a term of years, the above delightful COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high in charming park, and commanding views over the Downs. It is approached by drive from the and comprises several handsome reception rooms, billiard room, splendid offices, 24 bedrooms, bath rooms, and every possible convenience; ample stabling; highly picturesque grounds of natural beauty, kitchen gardens, and glass; first-rate shooting over 2,500 acres, all driving, and bag of 3,000 pheasants, 500 partridges, hares, etc.; near church, village, and post and telegraph office; lovely country; electric light. Possession can be arranged. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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LUXURIOUSLY-FITTED RESIDENCE IN RETIRED POSITION.

**FREEHOLD RESIDENCE** in Etchingham Park, North Finchley (within 10 minutes' walk of station).—Containing: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 9 bedrooms, oak staircases; electric light and gas, fires throughout; heating; good stabling, cottage, garage, etc.; pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, 2 acres in all. For SALE, privately.—Particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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IMMEDIATE.—NOMINAL RENT.

**COUNTRY LIFE,** unspoilt by any suspicion of villadom, and in a bracing and sporting district, 300ft. above the sea, about 2 hours from Town.—To be LET at once, at 5 guineas weekly for 6 months or by the year, or SOLD, a well-furnished, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing 4 reception, bath, and 9 bedrooms, servants' hall and offices, and conservatory lounge; excellent stabling, gardener's cottage, and beautifully-timbered grounds, and large walled gardens stocked with fruit trees. The Estate of 43 acres, with the house, would be SOLD.—Recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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**BRACING WIMBLEDON** (I, Ridgeway Gardens, on a level with and only 4 minutes from the Common).—This well-built BIJOU RESIDENCE, containing: 2 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms, and garden; erected for the late owner some 9 years ago for his own occupation, from plans by an eminent architect.

**HAMPTON and SONS** will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, November 14 (unless previously Sold by Private Treaty).—Particulars of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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**Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. Branch Offices at WIMBLEDON and OXTED**

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

# HARRODS (LTD.)

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

Telephone Nos. { 1971 Kensington / 5151 Westminster

## ESTATE AGENTS

**SURREY** (within 19 miles of London).—To be SOLD or LET, the above charming RESIDENCE, situated in a favourite district, 1¼ miles of a station, and standing well back from the road in its own secluded and lovely old grounds of nearly 5 acres. The House, which is of pretty design, is vested with fine old ivy and roses, and contains: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices. The stabling is at present converted into a billiard room. There is a large paved yard, space for motor-car, double coach-house and harness room and 2 stalls, corrugated iron stable, also gardener's cottage. Price, £2,900, Freehold.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,516)

PRICE, £1,400, FREEHOLD.

**SUSSEX. HEATHFIELD** (within easy reach of station).—To be SOLD, a charmingly-situated FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing over 500ft. above sea level, in its own grounds of about an acre, including pretty flower garden, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.; also extra land can be had adjoining; contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and excellent domestic offices.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,507)

**£1,100 WILL BUY** a pretty RESIDENCE, at Sandhurst, Berks, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 2 horses, and pretty grounds of about ½ acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,520)

## FLATS

**HARRODS (Ltd.)** are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia, Cadogan Estates, and other districts. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum; and also furnished from 3 gs. to 30 gs. per week. A carefully selected List of flats available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

**MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED FAMILY FLAT.**—Exceptionally well-arranged and situated Flat to be LET, comprising: 8 bedrooms, very handsome drawing room, 2 other reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; every modern convenience, including hot-water supply. Rent, only 15gs. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCEPTIONALLY LIGHT AND AIRY.

**SLOANE SQUARE.**—Well-arranged Corner FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, and full domestic offices. Rent, £210 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WITHIN 100 YARDS OF THE PARK.

**KNIGHTSBRIDGE.**—A well Furnished FLAT to be LET, at once, containing: 2 bedrooms, reception, and bathroom. Rent, 5gs. per week, including good attendance; catering on the premises.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NOW READY FOR OCCUPATION.

**HANS MANSIONS, S.W.**—The Finest FLATS in London. This palatial building is now in course of completion, and many of the suites are ready for immediate occupation. "The Finest Flats in London," as they are generally acknowledged to be, might be equally well described as a commodious TOWN HOUSE on one floor. The accommodation in each case comprising: 3 noble reception rooms, 8 large and light bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 w.c.'s. Excellently-arranged and commodious domestic offices (including servants' hall); constant hot-water supply (day and night) free of charge. Electric elevators. Day and night porters. Marble paved and exquisitely-decorated corridors, and staircases richly carpeted. Rents, £350 to £625 per annum.—To view, apply to HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

## AUCTIONEERS

**WILTS (near Chippenham).**—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this charming RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage drive and standing in well laid-out and matured grounds and gardens, including 2 tennis lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, and field, in all about 10 acres. The House contains: entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 4 horses, coach-house, grooms' rooms, and cottage. Excellent hunting 6 days a week.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

**KENT (near Sittingbourne).**—To be LET Furnished or Unfurnished, a beautiful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated in a well-wooded park of about 200 acres; it is approached by a long carriage drive through the park, and also by grand old avenue of limes. It contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and excellent domestic offices. There is stabling for 5 horses, groom's room, and outbuildings, and 2 cottages for gardener and coachman. The grounds are well laid out, and include several tennis courts, lawns, pleasure grounds, and two most productive walled kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, in all about 30 acres. Shooting over 500 acres. Rent, Furnished, 10 gns. per week, or Unfurnished, £220 per annum.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,401)



Telegrams: "OWEN WALLIS London"

# OWEN WALLIS & CO.

17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair

45 ACRES. COUNTRY RESIDENCE. COTTAGE. STABLING.

**NEWBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD.**—2 miles from station, and commanding panoramic views. Contains: hall, 2 reception, and 5 bedrooms; cottage, and stabling, cowhouse, barns, etc.; inexpensive grounds, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, woodlands, and grassland. 1 mile from church and postal telegraph office. To be SOLD, at a low price. No land tax. Small tithe.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

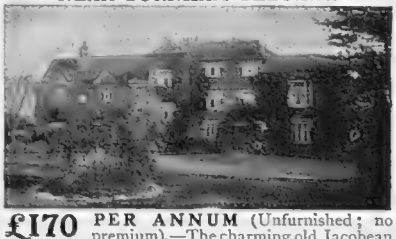
**HAYWARD'S HEATH.**—To be LET, a very attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in finely-timbered old grounds of nearly 3 acres. South aspect. Contains: 4 reception rooms, smoking room, 7 bedrooms, and bath; stabling for 3.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

**BERKS, WILTS, and OXON BORDERS.**—An old-fashioned picturesque RESIDENCE and 32 ACRES of old PASTURE for SALE at a low price; stabling, farmery, good cottage, charming grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and orchard. 8 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception, conservatory; gravel soil; extra land and additional cottages can be bought. Shooting, fishing, hunting.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

FINELY-TIMBERED PARK OF 100 ACRES.

**SUSSEX** (close to a cathedral town, about 2 hours from Town).—To be SOLD, at a bargain price, an extremely choice medium-sized PROPERTY, comprising a capital old-fashioned Residence, occupying a lovely position, on gravel soil, and surrounded by over 100 acres; stabling, cottage, and outbuildings. Inspected and recommended.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

GRAVEL SOIL. LOVELY GARDENS. NEAR BURNHAM BEECHES.



**£170 PER ANNUM** (Unfurnished; no premium).—The charming old Jacobean RESIDENCE, as depicted, is of historical interest, and contains: fine square hall, 3 excellent reception rooms, 8 capital bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 3 horses. The gardens, grounds, and paddocks are heavily-timbered, and extend to about 8 acres; there is a fine full-sized croquet lawn, other lawns, flower beds and borders, very productive kitchen garden, orchard, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OVER 30 ACRES. 300FT. ABOVE SEA. OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

**ESSEX.**—In a bracing position, ¼ an hour from town, a charming RESIDENCE, to be LET or SOLD. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, laundry, and offices; stabling for 4, living rooms, farmery, and about 30 acres of rich meadow. Hay crop, etc., averages £130 per annum.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

220FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

**NEAR SUSSEX COAST**, most delightful views of the sea, Downs, and surrounding country; near good shops, church, telegraph office, etc.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, capital RESIDENCE, in fine open situation, and containing: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, billiard, and 3 reception rooms; ample stabling, and 6 acres of pleasure grounds and paddock.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING A GOOD RESIDENCE.

**MIDHURST AND PETWORTH** (one of the prettiest parts of Sussex).—A delightful RESIDENCE, in thorough order, abutting on a beautiful open heath, and commanding extensive views; splendidly-timbered gardens and pleasure grounds of over 5 acres. Accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, good offices, including servants' hall, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, linen and boxrooms; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, carpenter's shop, etc. Company's water. To be LET or SOLD, upon moderate terms, owing to death.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

200 FT. ABOVE SEA.

**HANTS and SUSSEX** (a mile from station, in the lovely district of Peter field, situate in a most favourite position, gently undulating ground, commanding delightful views, and in a salubrious and bracing neighbourhood).—

**TO BE SOLD**

a well-built RESIDENCE, approached by a drive (over 100 yards), and containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; modern drainage, electric bells, gas, and Company's water.

**TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT GROUNDS**

walled-in kitchen and fruit garden, conservatory, 21ft. by 10ft., very productive orchard, paddock, and 2 meadows, in all about 6 acres.

Stables of 3 stalls, harness room, and living rooms; piggeries, etc.

**GOLF HALF-A-MILE, NEAR CHURCH AND POST**

Excellent shooting and fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, and hunting with 3 packs.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

**BERKS AND WILTS.**—An attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE, with old-fashioned Residence, in a high position in park, surrounded by an estate of 500 acres of fishing and hunting.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OWEN WALLIS & CO., 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

THE BEST HOUSE IN GROSVENOR GARDENS.

REDECORATED THROUGHOUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

**TO BE SOLD**, a great bargain, the fine MANSION, known as 44, Grosvenor Gardens, situated on the preferable side, and in perfect order. It contains: 5 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, two staircases, and unusually good offices; electric light and gas laid on; stabling for 5.—Agents, Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS AND OLD GARDEN. INSIDE THE FOUR-MILE CAB RADIUS.

**TO BE SOLD**, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

**THIS** pretty Freehold RESIDENCE, situate in an open and healthy district, 35 minutes from London, and standing in ornamental grounds of 4 acres, to be SOLD. Billiard room, 2 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bedrooms, bath, etc. Motor-house, greenhouse, rustic summer-houses, etc. South aspect. Gravel subsoil. Price, £3,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,609)

**OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK** (Ulster Terrace; by order of the Executors).—One of the very few available HOUSES in this favourite district to be LET or SOLD immediately. It contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage; electric light. — Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,195)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

**TO BE LET OR SOLD**, an attractive GABLED HOUSE in a park of 25 acres. 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 3.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,250)

4,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING. OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

**YORKS.**—To be LET, Furnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE (16 bedrooms), standing in a well-wooded park; stabling for 14; 6 tennis courts (1 covered in), cricket ground, farmery, and pasture land if desired; hunting with 4 packs. Low rent.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 615)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

**THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS**, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

SALES ON OWNERS' PREMISES

are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

**VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE** ACT, 1894, for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

OVERLOOKING THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

**TO BE SOLD**, a very attractive RESIDENCE, luxuriously decorated and in perfect order. Accommodation: spacious entrance hall, dining room (26ft. by 18ft.), drawing room (27ft. by 21ft.), billiard room (15ft. high), morning room (18ft. by 15ft.), study (20ft. by 12ft.), 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Modern stabling for 4. The grounds slope to the Channel, and extend to about 6 acres, including gardens, orchard and paddock, glasshouses, cottage, and outbuildings. Gas laid on. Price, £4,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,902)

AT A SACRIFICE.

**£7,500 WILL BUY** a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in a beautiful part of Sussex, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with the above charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 receptien rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS. PERFECT ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD**, one of the most attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in good order throughout. The House is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence. Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 60 ACRES.

**BETWEEN ROSS AND HEREFORD.**—The RESIDENCE stands on an eminence, commands extensive views, and is approached by a carriage drive. Aspect, W. and S. W. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, etc.; verandah to front of house. Stabling for 6. Well laid-out pleasure grounds, glasshouses, and gardens. The land lies well together, and is in a high state of cultivation. Substantially-built agricultural buildings. Hunting. Price, only £2,500. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,228)

MANORIAL RESIDENCE IN SUFFOLK.

**£2,000** for a small ESTATE of 40 acres of rich meadow and arable land, with a quaint old gabled Manor House erected in the sixteenth century. It contains: drawing room (22ft. 6 in. by 22 ft.), dining room with mullioned bay window, morning room, 9 bedrooms, etc. Ornamental gardens. Set of farm buildings, 9 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (966)

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

ABOUT ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

**£4,500** will purchase this charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, complete in every detail, and ready for immediate occupation. The well-planned HOUSE stands in pretty and well-timbered grounds of nearly 2 acres all laid out as gardens. Accommodation: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and well-fitted offices. In first-rate repair. Gas laid on. Stabling for 3 horses, cottage. Near 2 stations with excellent train service. Specially recommended.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Estate Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,[illegible])

COUNTRY HOUSE WITH 10 ACRES.

**ON THE BORDERS OF HERTS.** — One hour of town, to be SOLD a modern RESIDENCE of attractive appearance. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6 horses, gardens and meadow land. Price, £2,750, or would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,483)

**HANTS COAST.**—To be LET, Furnished, a Picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in lovely grounds. Accommodation: 2 halls, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas laid on; stabling for 8 (Musgrave's fittings); tennis and other lawns, small lake, terraces, etc.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 233)

CLOSE TO A MAIN LINE STATION, 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

**TO BE SOLD OR LET**, Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 9 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception, billiard, and 12 bed and dressing rooms; ample offices; stabling for 6 horses; 4 cottages; picturesque grounds, conservatory, lake, range of glasshouses, etc. Company's gas and water; main drainage. Hunting with five packs. Close to good fishing and golf links.—Price, rent, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,413)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

**£1,475** WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 4 acres, in Herts, near a town and station; very pleasant situation, 400 ft. above sea, and includes a Residence, with large reception hall, billiard room, 2 reception, and 7 bedrooms; also stabling and coach-house; gravelly soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,940)

**DORKING** (near).—The above attractive COTTAGE ORNÉE, with beautifully-timbered grounds, stabling, cottage, etc., for SALE, at a moderate price. 10 minutes from station, near Boxhill: 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), suite of good reception rooms. Tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies, well-stocked kitchen garden.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

**REMARKABLY** cheap little ESTATE of 52 acres. Price, £2,500 only; gentleman's HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, square hall; stabling, charming gardens, and very useful land; 1¼ miles from station; 400ft. above sea; grand views of Mendip Hills.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,851)

**SALISBURY** (near).—For SALE, Freehold, desirable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending between 6 and 7 acres. High and charming situation. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath-room, and offices; stabling for 3, outbuildings. Hunting and fishing. £3,500.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,855)

**A** COMPACT LITTLE PROPERTY of 7 Acres in the midst of good hunting and society.—FOR SALE, in a favourite part of Oxfordshire, old-fashioned HOUSE, internally modernised, hall, 3 good sitting rooms 8 bedrooms, bath, stabling, and 2 cottages. Sheltered garden. Price moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,881)

**MEYNELL COUNTRY.—£4,400.**—This exceptionally attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, with excellent stabling, perfectly matured and inexpensive pleasure grounds, small park, and pasture fields, in all about 42 acres; exceedingly compact; bounded by main county road; good water and drainage; superb views; 420ft. above sea level. Inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

BEST PART OF QUORN COUNTRY.
CLOSE TO AN EXPRESS STOPPING STATION.

**A REMARKABLY** complete small RESIDENTIAL ESTATE to be SOLD, comprising a perfectly-equipped and historic Mansion, fitted with electric light and heated throughout; excellent stabling for about 20 horses; thoroughly matured and inexpensive gardens and grounds, park, and home farm, in all nearly 150 acres. Inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,344)

**SURREY** (near station and close to golf).—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a perfectly-equipped RESIDENCE in superbly-timbered grounds: good hall, reception, billiard, and 8 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, beautiful garden, tennis and roquet lawns, kitchen gardens; perfect order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,738)

**RURAL DISTRICT IN HERTS** (2½ miles from station, 35 minutes from the City).—For SALE, a picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with all modern conveniences and exceptionally beautiful pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, glass-houses. Stabling for 4, cottages and farmery. Large hall and fine panelled reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, ball room. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,833)

**£2,500** for a charming little FREEHOLD of about 2 acres, midway between Weybridge and Chertsey. Carriage drive, with lodge, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, stabling. Grandly-timbered pleasure grounds, excellent kitchen garden, with green-houses, etc. Golf. Extra grass land up to 10 acres adjoining can be purchased. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,856)

**BERKS (near Faringdon).** — Old-fashioned picturesque RESIDENCE and 32 Acres of Old PASTURE, all in ring fence, for SALE; stabling, farmery, good cottage, charming grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and orchard; 8 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception, conservatory; gravel soil; extra land and additional cottages can be bought; shooting, fishing, hunting. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,920)

PRICE £4,100.
A BARGAIN IN SOMERSET.

**A UNIQUE LITTLE ESTATE** of about 23 acres of rich meadow and orchard, together with the above stone-built and mullioned RESIDENCE, in excellent order throughout: 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms; stabling for 4, 3 superior cottages, etc.; charming grounds, productive kitchen garden, etc. Hunting with Blackmore Vale Hounds.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,874)

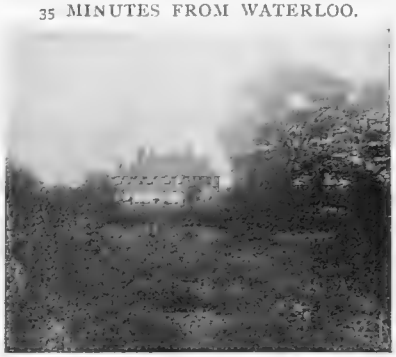
**3,000 GUINEAS** only for an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 72 acres (mostly grass), delightfully situated in a pretty part of Essex, a little over an hour from London; high and healthy situation, fine views. 11 bed and dressing, bath, 3 large reception, saloon hall; stabling, farm buildings, pretty grounds, and kitchen garden; gravel soil. Partridge shooting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

**BETWEEN LONDON AND YORK.**—WANTED to PURCHASE, within motoring distance of main line station, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of from 1,000 to 3,000 acres, with a good House, surrounded by well-established grounds. Sporting essential. The smaller area preferred, but no objection would be raised to the larger, if the rentals would return interest equal to Trustee Investments. — "The Hon. J. C.," WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

**£2,000** WILL PURCHASE the above attractive old MANOR HOUSE on the East Coast (about 1½ miles from the sea and two stations): 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, stabling for 6, cottage, farmery; well-timbered grounds, paddocks adjoining, about 6½ acres in all; golf; shooting and hunting. Inspected. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,436)

**£2,500** for picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, on Somerset and Wilts borders, near station, pretty district; 8 acres of gardens, orchard, and pasture; 12 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3; cottage; 1½ miles from town and station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,374)

35 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

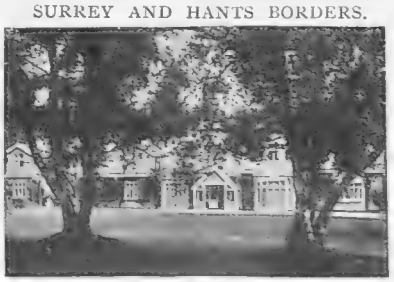


**OXSHOTT AND COBHAM,** surrounded by gorse and heather-clad common and pine woods, high on gravel with grand views, the above artistic RESIDENCE, exceptionally well-built for owner's occupation and replete with every comfort. 10 bed and dressing rooms, magnificent billiard room, stabling, charming well-timbered and shrubbed grounds, kitchen garden, 2 acres. Price, £4,500, or close offer. Highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,934)

**HUNTING WITH THREE PACKS,** close to station, 1¼ hours from town. — For SALE, Freehold, an attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE in Bucks, standing on sandy soil, with beautiful views extending to the Chiltern Hills; capital stabling, outbuildings (including farmery), and several acres of rich old pasture —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,183)

**BUCKS (on the Herts border)**—Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 60 acres, for SALE; perfectly rural situation, grandly-timbered undulating park; stabling, farmery; beautiful grounds, lodge entrance; high on gravel, with good views. Old-fashioned Country House, with excellent accommodation; extra land if required. Near station to be opened next year.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,904)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.



**10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL** Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

**HERTS** (about 40 minutes from Euston).—To be SOLD, a choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 75 acres, comprising a handsome RESIDENCE of medium size, also farmery, bailiff's house, and cottages; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, and park-like pasture and meadow land. Hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,726)

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ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM THE CITY.

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**PLEASURE FARM** (80 acres, no arable), Mortgagee's bargain; must be SOLD; situate near Horsham. Gentleman's RESIDENCE, on hill, and containing: 3 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, and farmery; grand views. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co.

**PETERSFIELD** (near).—Charming old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, with indescribably beautiful views, lovely gardens, etc., of 7 acres, to be SOLD for £4,000; there is a charming hall, 3 reception, exceptionally fine billiard rooms, bath, 8 or 9 bedrooms; stabling and 2 excellent cottages. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

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**LANDED ESTATE FOR £3,200**, comprising a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE of the Eighteenth Century, with up-to-date amenities, and about 100 acres, including a Farm which is let, and should produce a good income. The Residence contains: 3 good reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms. There are beautiful old gardens, which would be difficult to equal, ornamental water, kitchen garden, and vinery, well-timbered paddocks; good stabling; gardener's and other cottages. There is a station near, but a junction may be reached by motor, bringing London within about an hour's rail. Yachting, boating, and golfing. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

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SHOOTING AVAILABLE.
GOOD HUNTING.

**A SINGULARLY CHARMING** RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, which may be acquired with only the grounds and park-like meadows, or including a small farm, with bailiff's house. The Residence contains some finely-proportioned reception, excellent billiard, 2 baths, 16 bed and dressing rooms. The pleasure grounds are extremely well timbered and shrubbed, and there is an ornamental lake, with rustic bridges; excellent lodge entrance guarding carriage drive; superior stabling, two cottages, etc.; subsoil ironstone and gravel; station near. The purchase price is a tempting one. Personally inspected. —EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

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HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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The institution is conducted by an English Lady Superintendent on the lines of English home life, and without any denominational restrictions. The payments made by the patients (at present 4 to 4½ francs a day) include board and residence, medical attendance, and nursing, the only extras being medicine and personal laundry expenses.

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Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, or to WILLIAMS, DEACON AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, 20, BIRCHIN LANE, E.C., or 2, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W., and will be thankfully acknowledged.

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**PLEASURE FARM, SUSSEX.**—79 acres of grass and woods, on a hill, with pretty RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; cottage, farmery, etc.; shows 4½ per cent. on mortgagee's price; must sell at once; tenant just left.—Apply Box F 5, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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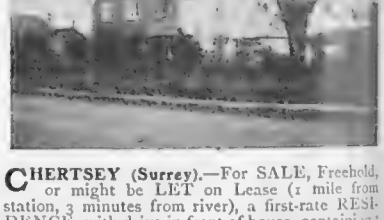
**WANTED TO RENT** (might buy) in Sussex, Surrey, or Hampshire, old-fashioned picturesque RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good reception rooms, 7 or 8 bedrooms, and with from 4 to 5 acres of land.—Apply Box E 5, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE**, a FARM of 40 to 200 acres, with good RESIDENCE, or one capable of being enlarged; Berks, Hants, Oxon, or Wilts, preferred. Price, about £8,000.—Apply Box E 6, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.



**CHERTSEY** (Surrey).—For SALE, Freehold, or might be LET on Lease (1 mile from station, 3 minutes from river), a first-rate RESIDENCE, with drive in front of house, containing: entrance hall and verandah, drawing and dining rooms, kitchen and offices, 5 bedrooms; flower and kitchen gardens, conservatory with hot water; with possession at Christmas.—Apply G. W. T., "Graphic" Office, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

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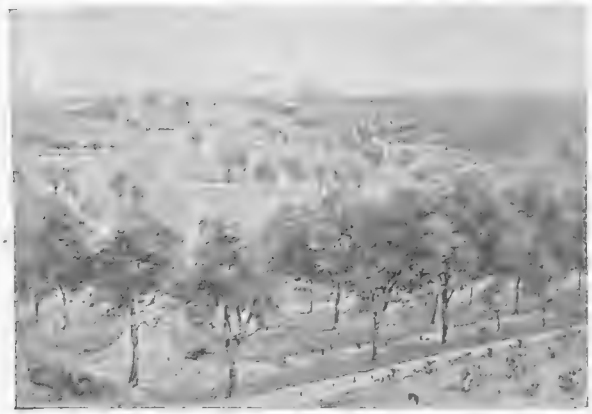

A View of the Green Park, from a Sitting-Room Window.

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TO those who are intimate with contemporary music and musicians, the name of the composer of "Hansel and Gretel" is known as that of one of the foremost musicians of to-day.

Like many other great artistes, he was inclined to the belief that the Pianola was neither better nor worse than other piano-players, and not worthy serious consideration as an artistic musical instrument. That was before he had heard the Metrostyle Pianola. When he had done so, he gave us the following letter :—

> "The Metrostyle Pianola which I have just heard has filled me with admiration and wonder. Although I have heard instruments play the piano before, I had no idea that it was possible to play with the taste and expression of an artist ; and the Metrostyle, it seems to me, is almost as valuable as the instrument itself. Your success with the Metrostyle should be very great.
>
> "E. HUMPERDINCK."

As further proof of his complete acceptance of the Pianola idea, we may state that on hearing that Frau Wagner had not seen the Pianola, he gave us a letter of introduction recommending the instrument to her notice. (Humperdinck was one of Wagner's most intimate friends.)

Does it not seem to you that the Metrostyle Pianola is something you ought to investigate.

Call or write for Catalogue **B.**

NOTE.—If you do not wish to invest in a new Metrostyle Pianola now, why not write us for information regarding our offer of second-hand Pianolas.

## The Orchestrelle Co.,

**ÆOLIAN HALL,**

**135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET LONDON, W.**

**A pretty practical Dressing-gown of Pyrenean wool**
*(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Edith Peirce)*

that immediately precedes a fall before extravagance. The colourings are so perfectly delicious, more especially, perhaps, the new, rather dull rose hues, together with puce, purples, and old-world blues of periwinkle persuasion.

And Ambrosine reminds me to dwell for a moment on the slack observance of the Parisian decree to countenance the small, really incidental, bow of black velvet, or ribbon, as a finish to what our American cousins call the "shirt-waist."

And this same holds good of the incidental *chapeau*, the thing of slight form and studied simplicity, which merely succeeds in looking dowdy on English women, whereas, worn by a French woman, it is the crowning evidence of unmitigated style. Of two models observed during the week, the one was a small, straight brim, conical-crowned white felt, of the French sailor *genre*, that carried, as sole decorative relief, a wired upright band, about two and a half inches in depth, of drawn white chiffon, hemmed at the top with a narrow band of ermine; the other was a regular turban of pale mauve silk beaver, rather elongated than round, and absolutely guiltless of all decoration until the back was reached, where two shaded mauve ostrich feathers were permitted to fall over the edge of the brim on to the hair.

A little *tricorn* of deep purple beaver also recalls itself pleasantly, the left side upheld by a cluster of small pink and white shaded camellias, the delicate waxen qualities of these wondrously counterfeited floral trophies showing up delightfully on their soft, rich mauve background.

### Something to See at Shoolbred's

It has been said, "you may know a man by his friends," and equally may you gauge the fastidiousness of a woman by her attention to such minor details as dressing-gowns and dressing-jackets, matters chiefly and essentially associated with herself, and with no outside encouragement to ensure their being always in a perfected condition. Whatever excuse there may have been in days gone by for economy in this respect, there is absolutely none to-day, as Messrs. Shoolbred are pleased to emphasise at this very moment in a display of Pyrenean wrappers that, for quality, style, and price, have never been equalled. Their purchase has been an unprecedently large one, and these goods, let it be specially noted, are not made in Germany, but come direct from the Pyrenean mountains, as their name implies. It would be superfluous, at this time of day, to eulogise the gloriously light and warm virtues of this Pyrenean weave, three qualities whereof are displayed at Tottenham House, namely, the super, which boasts a soft, fleecy back, middle weight, and cotton back.

Of the first-named, our artist has taken a sketch, reproduced on this page, which reveals a particularly attractive model, of a greyish-blue hue, splashed with white, and bearing a collar and other fitments of white, stitched with an Oriental *galon*. And this runs through a long gamut of colourings, at the uniform price of 49*s.* 6*d.* The next price, 35*s.* 6*d.*, is in a striped effect, and there is a quite marvellous quality at 29*s.* 6*d.*, in a self-coloured Pyrenean. Those with a cotton back commence at 21*s.* 9*d.*, and suggest themselves as the ideal Christmas gift; while jackets commence at 4*s.* 11*d.*

One of the most attractive models to be secured, both in gown and jacket forms, is a lovely pale mauve, ornamented with bands embroidered in mauve. And there are, too, some capital petticoats, varying from 7*s.* 9*d.* to 4*s.* 11*d.*, capital wear, since they are warm and light, and, as may be readily understood, very decorative and dainty in appearance.

But from every point of view is this a show to be seen, while on November 14 there also commences a special sale, that must necessarily be a short one, of French model teagowns and silk petticoats. Having obtained a privileged peep of these treasures, I can, with every confidence, proclaim them rare bargains, the petticoats commencing at one guinea—originally treble that sum—while an average for the teagowns is struck at three guineas, or thereabouts, a sum that secures a lovely silk confection, trimmed lace, and lined nun's veiling. Fortunate, indeed, will be the lucky one sufficiently early in the field to secure a pale blue messaline, lined through with silk, at £4 10*s.* It almost sounds incredible, does it not? And what is more, it would be, but for the explanation that these are samples, no two of which are alike.

The increasing favour accorded the smart visiting gown of mousseline velour has carried chinchilla into the front rank of fashionable favour. Worn with a toilette of sapphire-blue velvet, the cape with stole ends and accompanying muff, pictured, would prove of the best success, a notable feature being the lattice-work treatment of grey chenille.

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Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 5½d. per yard. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

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Remember that

# COURTAULD'S CRAPE

Is Waterproof,

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IS NOT DAMAGED BY A SHOWER.

The only "Grand Prix" given at the Paris Exhibition, 1900, to English Silk Manufacturers was awarded to Courtauld's Waterproof Crapes.

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NO PUNCTURES.
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THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER

# A Woman's Pocket Book

A very curious trial was reported from Berlin last week. A certain lady, well known in Berlin Society who lived in a fine mansion, and had all the outward appearance of great wealth, carried on a business, it transpired, as matrimonial agent for a number of debt-ridden and impecunious officers of the Guards. This lady, in virtue of her social position, managed, in many instances, to arrange matches between these officers and young girls whose parents were wealthy.

"On a technical point, the defendant was acquitted." How cynically it reads. At once, we have matrimony stripped of the slightest pretence of sentiment. Young men are in debt, and want large sums of money. The only way to obtain it is to suggest an alliance with a young lady of money; they are officers in the Guards, and the young ladies, we suppose, are the daughters of wealthy *bourgeoisie*; and they can find a woman sufficiently debased to arrange all the details of a mutual introduction. And then some people talk about marriage being a failure: when it is treated so sacreligiously, how could it be otherwise?

The field for women's labour is, I am glad to see, opening wider every day. There is scarcely a walk in life now where women cannot compete almost on equal terms with men, while there are many where they have the field entirely to themselves. The latter was exemplified a few days ago, when a lady advertised herself as follows:

VERY capable, bright, energetic Lady, thoroughly experienced, who will undertake all Packing, Removing, and Settling in New House; town or country.

This lady deserves to get on, and she will, no doubt, have received already a great many answers. Probably very soon, this novel method of utilising her ability will be imitated by a small school of followers.

What to do with our girls is perpetually a knotty subject in every household where money has to be considered with care. To pack other peoples' belongings would be, at the best, only an occasional job, but nevertheless, not only is the area widening, but the conveniences for training girls in different walks of life are springing up on all sides. For instance, everyone, no doubt, has heard of Lady Warwick's school, which thoroughly trains young ladies in dairy work. Miss Wolseley, the daughter of Viscount Wolseley, has, I believe, had great success with a school she has started in Sussex for the purpose of training girls to be gardeners. The Misses Allen-Brown have been most successful with the cultivation of violets — an occupation peculiarly suitable to women. Several ladies have embarked on practical farming with good results, and the latest one hears is the story of some French girls who own and manage, without help, a large farm in Colorado, including horses, cattle, and the usual farm appurtenances. Outdoor work, in fact, is becoming peculiarly attractive to young women, for in these days the hard manual labour which was associated with agricultural pursuits has, to a great extent, been done away with.

LADY PHYLLIS.

## Answers to Correspondents

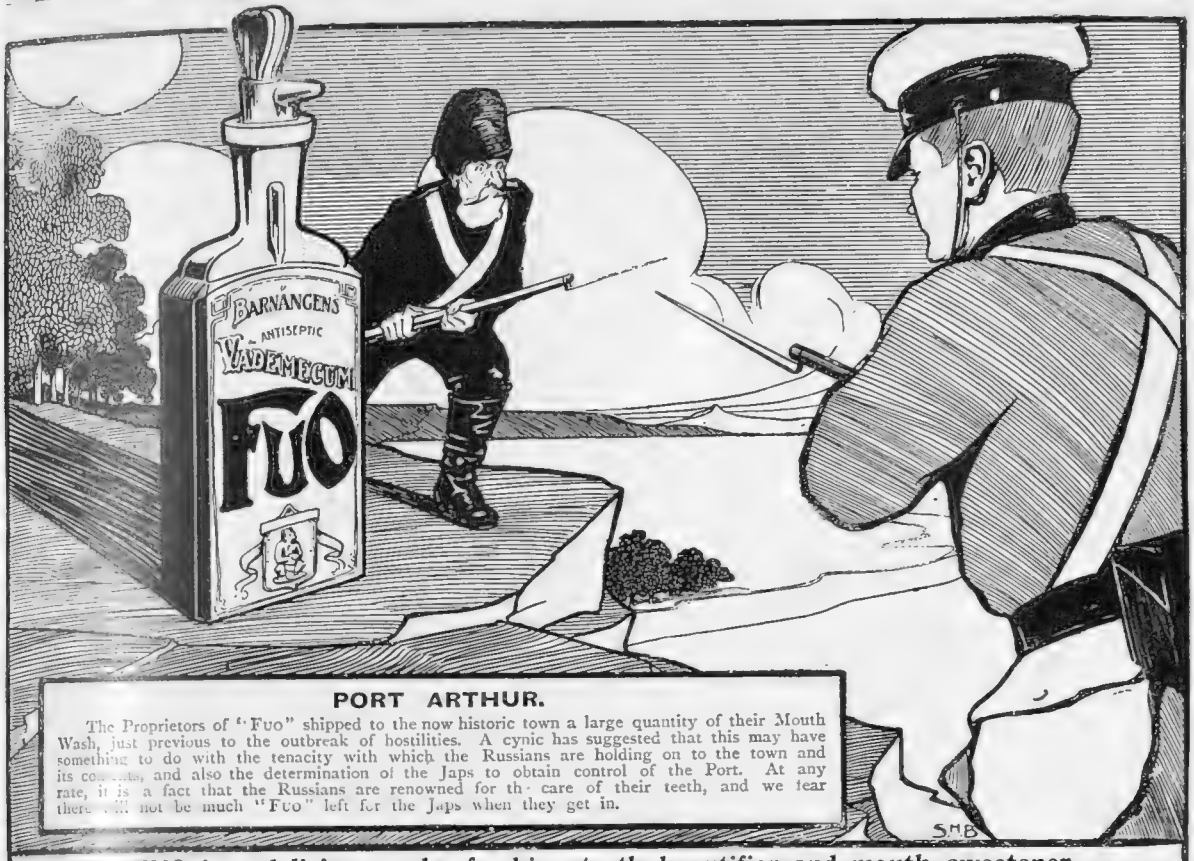
"MOUSME."—The best recipe for a mould of stuffed and rolled pigeons in savoury jelly is as follows:

Take four large pigeons, bone them, and do not forget to demand that the liver and the bones shall be sent home. Cut the boned birds in half and spread out on a board. Prepare the following stuffing: Pound the livers of the birds with 3oz. of raw veal, minced, and 2oz. of ham. Add salt and pepper and ten pistachio nuts finely chopped. Spread the stuffing on the pigeons, roll as neatly as possible, and tie securely with tape. Now put all the bones and trimmings in a stewpan, with one carrot and one onion sliced, six peppercorns, one clove, two bayleaves, and a little bunch of parsley; pepper and salt. Place the rolled pigeons on the top and pour in about 1¼ pints of water, and take care that it does not actually touch the birds. Cool the pan and simmer for three quarters of an hour, by which time the liquid will be reduced to rather more than half a pint. Take out the rolls, and put them aside until cooled; then glaze. For the glaze, take half a cup of water; dissolve in it three sheets of gelatine, and add a few drops of Parisian essence. Meanwhile, strain off the stock from the pigeon bones, and let it become cold; skim off the fat; put it into a clean plate, with the white and shell of an egg whipped stiff; bring it to the boil, and strain through fine clean muslin, which has been wrung out in boiling water. Pour a little jelly into a ring mould; let it set; then arrange the rolls neatly, and fill up with jelly. Turn out when required, and fill the centre with sliced tomato, cucumber, and a few green cooked peas, which have been seasoned.

**A monster "Baron" at the Lord Mayor's Feast**

This great baron of beef, weighing 300 lbs. (uncooked), was carved in the pulpit at the Guildhall

[*Lady Phyllis will willingly answer in these columns queries addressed to her on topics which might reasonably come under the heading of "A Woman's Pocket Book."*]




**PORT ARTHUR.**

The Proprietors of "Fuo" shipped to the now historic town a large quantity of their Mouth Wash, just previous to the outbreak of hostilities. A cynic has suggested that this may have something to do with the tenacity with which the Russians are holding on to the town and its contents, and also the determination of the Japs to obtain control of the Port. At any rate, it is a fact that the Russians are renowned for the care of their teeth, and we fear there will not be much "Fuo" left for the Japs when they get in.

**FUO is a delicious and refreshing teeth-beautifier and mouth-sweetener.**

(Known on the Continent as Barnangen's Vade Mecum.)

**FUO is the most economical of all preparations for the teeth and mouth.**

Of all Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable, a bottle of "Fuo," and address of nearest Retailer, will be sent, post free, for 2/9.
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# GENTLEMEN, you may smoke

# FLOR DE DINDIGUL CIGARS

**"Flor de Dindigul" Cigars,** No. 2, 19/- per 100 (5 for 1/-); **"Flor de Dindigul EXTRA,"** the new size just introduced, is extra choice in quality, and superior to most Havanas at three times the price, 28/- per 100; samples, 4d. each. **"Flor de Dindigul" Cigarettes** (all tobacco leaf, no paper), a delightful whiff. 1d. each; 8/- per 100. Nine gold medals awarded. At all good tobacconists, or carriage paid from the Importers, BEWLAY & Co., Ltd., Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, London, W.C. Established 1730

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# Bridge : By "Problematicus"

## A NEW COMPETITION: FIRST PRIZE, TEN GUINEAS

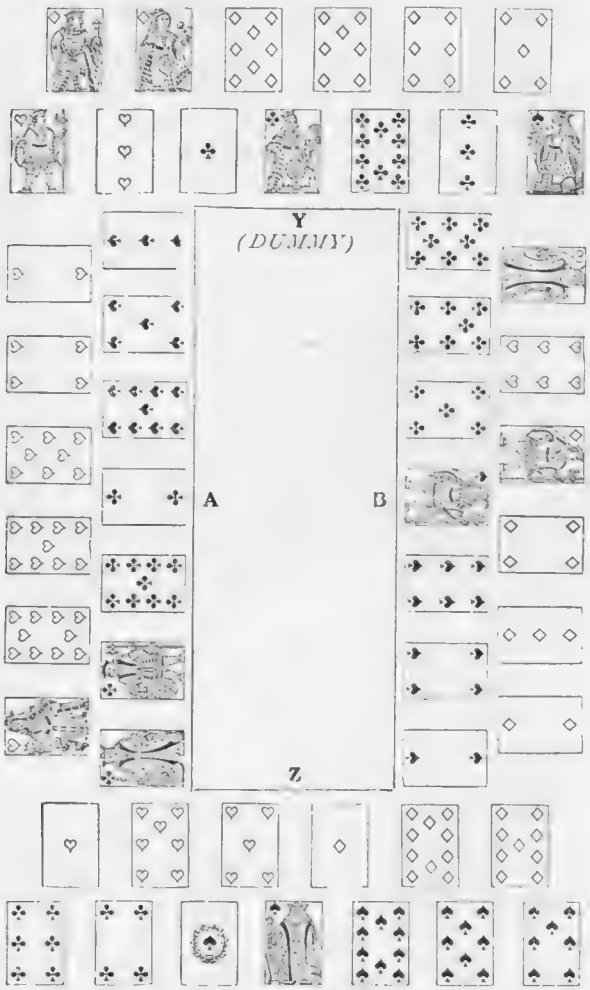
**The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Prizes will be "The Bystander" Morocco Bridge Cases, valued £1 1s.**

### THE FOURTH HAND OF THE RUBBER

*The other three hands have been published in the three preceding issues of "The Bystander," all of which are still obtainable of the Publisher, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.*

ORDINARY FOUR-HANDED BRIDGE

Dummy's Hand only is supposed to be exposed




Z deals A leads

RULES

1.—Every solution, after the first, with which no coupon is needed, must be accompanied by the publisher's imprint (in place of a coupon) cut from the bottom of the back cover, viz. :

Printed and Published by George Robert Parker, at Tallis Street, in the City of London, November 16, 1904.

Any solutions after the first submitted, if not accompanied by the imprint, will be disqualified.

2.—Competitors may also give as full notes on the play as they like, giving reasons for leads, etc.

3.—The play of the hand should be written out in the following way :

| Tricks | A | Y | B | Z |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | ♦ 3 | ♦ 9 | ♦ Q | ♦ A |
| 2 | ♠ 10 | ♠ Q | ♠ 2 | ♠ 7 |
| 3 | ♠ K | ♠ A | ♠ 3 | ♠ J |

4.—The solutions of all four hands should be sent in together, *not* week by week.

5.—Names and full addresses of competitors must be given, only for publication in the event of a prize being won. Unless this rule is carefully observed, competitors will be disqualified.

NOTE.—Doubling and redoubling are allowed, but the limit of redoubling is 100. If spades are declared, the hands are played, no matter what the state of the score is.

*The above prizes will be awarded for the best solutions of the play of a rubber at Bridge consisting of four hands.*

*In order that competitors may gain the greatest amount of benefit from working out the play of this rubber, they should note that it will* not *be Double-Dummy, but ordinary four-handed Bridge, with Dummy's hand only exposed.*

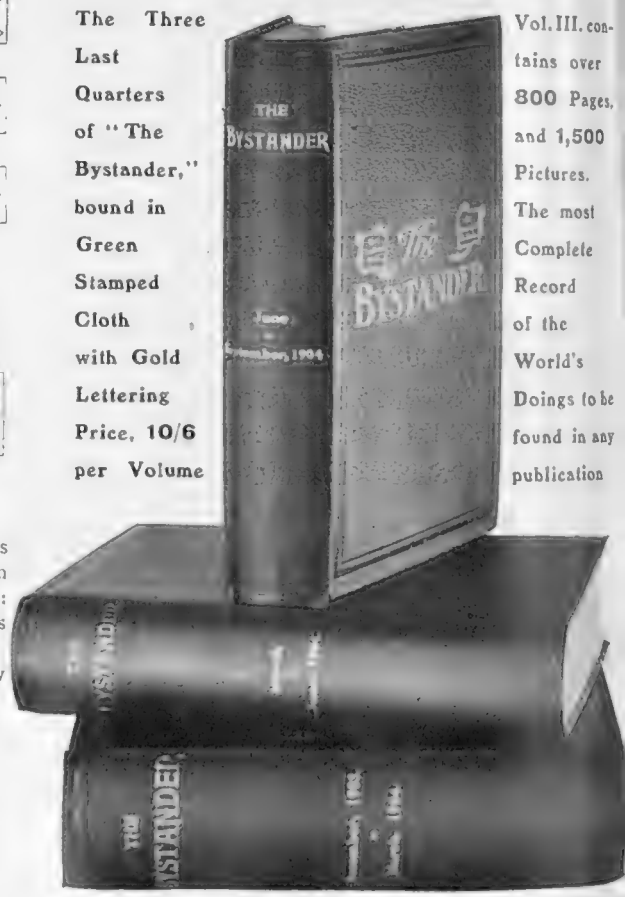
*There will be Twelve Consolation Prizes of two packs, in box, of* THE BYSTANDER *playing cards.*

*All solutions must be sent in by the first post Friday, November 25, addressed to The Bridge Editor,* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, E.C.*


# A SPLENDID 'XMAS PRESENT

**To Friends and Relations at Home or Abroad**

The Three Last Quarters of "The Bystander," bound in Green Stamped Cloth with Gold Lettering Price, 10/6 per Volume

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ommemorates CHRISTMAS

and its

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PECIAL DOUBLE NUMBER

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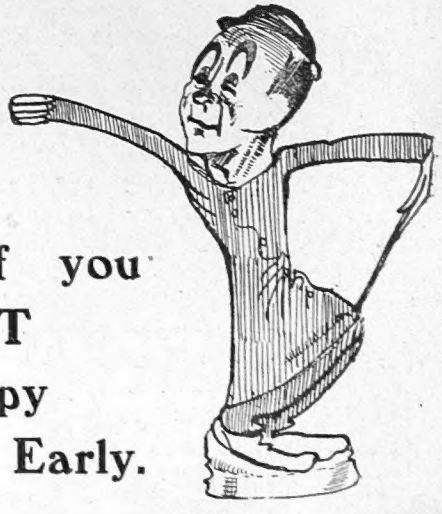
*IMPORTANT NOTICE.*

**Only a limited number of copies will be printed, the cost of production being out of all proportion to the Sale Price.**

**NOTE THE DATE—**

**7th December next, and order in advance unless you want to risk disappointment**

**The Price will be 6D. only, but if you WANT a Copy Order Early.**



# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### Ireland

An exhibition of pictures and sketches of Irish subjects, by Joseph W. Carey, Miss Jessie O. Douglas, Percy French, C. MacIver Grierson, R.I., G. Wakeman, and Alexander Williams, R.H.A., will be held at the Modern Gallery, 175, Bond Street, from November 14 to December 3, the private view being on Saturday next. It promises to be a very interesting collection.

### Award at the St. Louis Exhibition

Mr. Charles Lancaster, the well-known gun and rifle manufacturers, of Panton Street, Haymarket, has been awarded a gold medal at the St. Louis Exhibition for his exhibits in the British Royal Pavilion.

### Playgoers' Concert at His Majesty's

The Playgoers' Club has arranged a concert for Sunday, December 4, at His Majesty's Theatre, by kind permission of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in aid of the Playgoers' Club Pantomime Fund for Poor Children. The club is making arrangements to take from fifteen to twenty thousand children to the pantomime in the coming season, and each child will be well fed before the performance.

### Books and Babies

"I am *so* sorry," says Mr. Smith to Mr. Jones, about December 30, "but baby has torn that nice book you gave him all to pieces." This has usually been the remark of the fond parent to the friend of the family, who has kindly presented Master Smith, age one-and-a-half, with a picture book for Christmas. This year, or rather next, the conversation between the same two gentlemen, on June 30, will probably run as follows: "I say, Jones, do you remember that book you gave baby at Christmas? Would you believe it, it is not torn in the slightest, and, after being washed yesterday, it looks as good as new, though it has been knocked about for over six months?" How will it be possible for Mr. Smith to say this? Why, if Mr. Jones gives Baby Smith one of Dean's Patent Rag Books. These books won't tear, can be washed without any fear of the colours running, and, what is perhaps most important from its possessor's point of view, it can be sucked without the fear of any painful consequences. The price of these books vary between 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*, and they are practically indestructible, and are wonderful value for the money. No better present could possibly be imagined.

### The Mission to Lepers

Perhaps one of the most pathetic descriptions of a leper camp ever written was that penned by the sympathetic hand of Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his letters to his wife. Readers of the little pamphlet written in vindication of Father Damien also will remember the sights and sounds of the Leper Settlement at Molokai, as Stevenson saw them. And the leper of the Settlement, though meriting our deepest pity, is infinitely better off than the outcast leper, of whom there are many thousands in our Indian Empire. The Mission to Lepers, of whose work not so much is heard as should be, was founded thirty years ago, and is now working in seventy-two stations on behalf of these sufferers and their children—one of its Asylums alone sheltering nearly 700 inmates. Altogether, upwards of 7,000 lepers are supported or aided, and 500 untainted children are being brought up in the homes. As leprosy is contagious (though not hereditary), these children, if not rescued, would almost certainly fall victims to the disease. During the past two years, sixteen new leper stations have been added to the Society's responsibilities, and funds are now needed to further extend and equip this good work. £5 supports a leper for one year. Subscriptions, even the smallest help, may be sent to J. Jackson, Esq., F.R.G.S., "The Mission to Lepers," Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C.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That the effect of defective eyesight is frequently shown in the temperament of the individual is a fact which does not need emphasising, yet how few realise the fact. We notice the strained peering glance of the myope or short-sighted person, the glaring pupil and vacillating look of the hypermetrope, the weary, anxious appearance of the individual suffering from astigmatism and its attendant ills, and does it not follow that the result of these defects on the constitution must be considerable. The strain caused by the nervous effort to overcome defects of vision is frequently disastrous because the results are so frequently attributed to some other cause, and the testing of the eyesight is often the last instead of being the first remedy which should be sought.

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**£2,000** will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder. Or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle) the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 15th day of November, 1904, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 23rd day of November, 1904.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

*The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.*

*Signature*.....

**Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to our Publisher, or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to**

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